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*A PICTURE*

OF A

REPUBLICAN MAGISTRATE

OF THE

NEW SCHOOL;

BEING

A FULL LENGTH LIKENESS OF

HIS EXCELLENCY THOMAS JEFFERSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

*A SHORT CRITICISM*

ON THE CHARACTERS AND PRETENSIONS OF

MR. MADISON, MR. CLINTON, AND MR. PINCKNEY.

*By Jno. Thierry Danvers, of Virginia.*

Obruat illud male partem, male retentum, male gestum imperium.—Cicero

Mel in ore, verba lactis,  
Fel in core, fraus in factis.  
*Monkish Rhyme.*

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Nov. 17. 1808

DEDICATION.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY  
THOMAS JEFFERSON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SIR,

THOUGH I am aware that it is usual for an author, when about to dedicate his work to a personage of such high rank as your Excellency, to apply for his gracious permission to do himself that honour, yet as a citizen of the *ancient dominion*, and a sincere *wonderer* at your very *singular* character, I hope you will pardon the presumption of addressing you without leave.

I have long indeed been in the habit of contemplating your Excellency as one of the completest examples of *political cunning* that ever fell under my observation, and I seized with avidity the first opportunity of expressing my admiration. Many rulers, it is true, by the help of bribery, deception, falsehood, and the thousand other arts of *low ambition*, have been able to delude a *credulous* and *ignorant* people into a temporary belief of their wisdom and virtue; but that your Excellency, by the mere force of *native talent*, should have managed to deceive a majority of the *enlightened* citizens of America, is a triumph which in the ensuing pages I have attempted to celebrate.

Alitur vitium, vivitque tegendo—says Virgil—but virtue so far from dreading the splendour of day, grows up and flourishes in the genial breath of honest praise. It would be therefore little less than treason to nip the opening bud of your Excellency's talents and patriotism, by a cold denial

of well-merited commendation. I know, indeed, that modest worth always puts aside with rejecting hand the offering of fulsome adulation, or interested flattery; but disinterested praise is the sweetest reward that the patriot, the sage, and the philosopher can covet from the world.

If I am not mistaken there is little of adulation or flattery in the following pages, and I trust that your Excellency will do me the justice to believe, that whatever praises I have bestowed on your administration, were given from the most disinterested motives of attachment to your person and character. Receive therefore, Excellent Sir, the little wreath of laurel I have woven for your brow, and believe that nothing but my attachment to truth, and the welfare of my country, prevented me from saying infinitely more in your praise.

I am, with great consideration,

Your Excellency's most h'ble serv't,

J. T. DANVERS.

## A PICTURE,

&c.

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HIS Excellency the President of the United States having declined a re-election to the first magistracy, and with the help of *his Congress appointed a successor*, may now be considered as a saint in the calendar of patriots. Having finished his great work, he is about to retire into the enjoyment of that gratitude which ever follows the seclusion of the people's benefactors.

It is only after the career of a great man is finished that his merits and his talents can be properly estimated. The envy of his power or splendor, the spirit of political division, and the jealousy of rivalry, have then other objects for the exercise of their malignity, and look with cool indifference on the man who is no longer an object of hope or fear. The voice of adulation too will then be silent, and the sychophant adulators who have dinned in our ears the praises of His Excellency's wonderful talents and patriotism, will soon be heard in a different direction. The echoing voice of the hound on the distant hills points out to the huntsman the place where his game is to be found, and an experienced observer may always discover the successful candidate for power by the yelping of his hungry followers.

Now then is the proper period to inquire whether His Excellency really deserves the censures that have been poured forth against him by his enemies, or the praises so lavishly bestowed on him

by his friends, and whether as a man or a magistrate he ought to be held up as an example to imitate or avoid. This inquiry will not be without its use, for the sentiment of any impartial man, on any question of politics, is of some little importance to his country, more especially if that country is in danger. That our country is in an alarming situation, and that owing to the weakness and hypocrisy of the President, has so often been set forth in high sounding phrase, by the oracles of the people, the newspapers, and has been so often repeated of late, that observing men who have been accustomed to see the habitual falsehood of these inspired vehicles of information actually begin to doubt the evidence of their own senses, and believe the country to be in a state of safety. But however alarming may be the situation to which we are approaching, that country can never be lost which has General Wilkinson for a commander in chief, and Colonel Duane for one of its defenders. In the course of this work, I shall have ample occasion to compliment this noble pair, together with some few other malefactors, whom it is my intention to string up, as rogues and assassins are gibbeted on the highways, a warning to their fellows, and an assurance of future safety to the traveller.

The rank and talents of His Excellency however demand my first devoirs, and to him I shall devote the first fruits of my pen.

To trace His Excellency through all his doublings and windings, to unmask his jesuitical policy, and throw light into the devious paths of his political career, I am aware will be a task of mortal difficulty. The hypocrite like the pestilence "walks in darkness," and his paths are unknown except to him who keeps a steady eye upon him, and watches all his motions with an attention that never sleeps. But though the task I have undertaken is difficult,

it is necessary, and therefore shall be performed ; and if in the course of the investigation, it is found reasonable to lash any recreant back without measure or mercy, let not the blame be imputed to me. When the delinquency of man provokes its punishment, it is impeaching the divinity of justice to censure the executioner.

I shall pass lightly over the conduct of His Excellency, during the American War, merely premising that he was not only one of the foremost in opposing the encroachments of the British government over her colonies, but also one of the first to fly the consequences of this opposition. Of his far-famed excursion to the strong hold of Carter's mountain no man is ignorant, and all men admired the wonderful prudence with which he conducted that famous expedition, an achievement unparralleled in the present age, except by the late admirable *retreat* of the gallant General Ray\*

I regret that this is the only military service performed by His Excellency during the struggle for independence, but in proportion as his feats in the military line are sparing his *civil* life will be found to abound in the most brilliant exploits, not against our enemies but our friends, not against the oppression of foreign tyranny, but the constitution and the laws of our country.

In the detail of this patriotic gentleman's civil services, the first object which naturally claims our attention, is "the declaration of independence" said to be written by His Excellency. I am willing to allow him all due credit for this production which breathes a spirit of manly courage and dignity, worthy the occasion which inspired it ; and I should be inclined to allow him still greater

\* This gallant officer was consul to the great Emperor at New-York. He took what is called *French leave*, that is, he ran away under suspicion of debt.

had he not, as I shall hereafter prove, laid the people of the United States under some of the most enormous grievancès complained of in that very declaration.

His Excellency was afterwards appointed ambassador to France, and whatever services he might have performed there, the people of this country I fear will long have reason to regret his appointment to that dignity; for it is supposed that he there imbibed those prejudices in favour of that country which have since been displayed so much to the injury and dishonour of the United States, as will be demonstrated in a subsequent part of this inquiry.

While on his return from France on a temporary visit to this country, he was appointed secretary of state by Gen. Washington. We are told on the authority of the excellent and impartial biographer\* of that great man, that Mr. Jefferson accepted this appointment with evident regret. So strong was his attachment to France that he preferred an appointment (which from its very nature is temporary) in his beloved country, before a high and permanent establishment in his native land! That while in this high station, enjoying the friendship of Gen. Washington, and admitted into the councils of his country, he betrayed the confidence of his benefactor, and employed a certain renegado libeller, a vile *alias* wretch† to calumniate him,

\* Judge Marshall.

† I allude to the *gentleman*, lately for this and I suppose similar services, appointed a Colonel in the army of the United States!—Heavens! is there no other way to reward villany, than by the disgrace of a whole people!—Probably the first service of this paltry retailer of calumny, will be to pull down the judiciary, to which both His Excellency and *his* Colonel seem to have a mortal antipathy. It would perhaps be treason to say that this antipathy is nothing more than that instinctive horror which all criminals feel for the instruments of their punishment.

“A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees”—  
And hates the sight of justices and trees.



are charges so often repeated, as to be at length received with all that calm indifference with which the human mind contemplates the most acknowledged and familiar truths. I shall therefore pass by, contented with merely recalling to the mind of the reader what he has long known, for the purpose of coming sooner to the conduct of His Excellency, when at the head of affairs, a situation where his virtues have had a fair chance of exercise, and his talents an extensive and splendid theatre for action.

When the "sun of federalism" set, as was triumphantly observed "for ever," and the *ignis fatuus* of democracy rose amid congenial fogs, to bewilder and mislead the people, it was my lot among many others to be for a while deluded by this vaporish sprite. There was a speciousness about His Excellency, an apparent candour and moderation calculated to deceive those who were unacquainted with his real character, and to lead them into a belief that he possessed the pure and genuine simplicity of an ancient republican. His inaugural speech to Congress strengthened this delusion, and when with a moderation which, had it been real, would have won the confidence of all ranks, he declared that in his eye "we were all republicans all federalists," it was hoped and believed that His Excellency was the man destined to break down the deadly spirit of party which had so long raged in this country, to the ruin of its strength and the dishonour of its name. Many honest men were even so credulous as to suppose that His Excellency might *possibly* be influenced by the wise maxims, and glorious example of that illustrious man, whose name I will not mention, because I am told it is forbidden to be uttered in the hearing of His Excellency, whom I would not wish to offend by any indecorum.

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But these sanguine expectations, the offspring of that elastic credulity with which novelty is always contemplated by the inexperienced, have been miserably disappointed; and nothing now remains, but a desperate hope that the approaching resignation of His Excellency will open a way for some more worthy successor, and that by retiring from the world he will make some amends for the evils he occasioned while in it—thus in reality becoming what his flatterers have called him *the father of his country*. His Excellency is undoubtedly fairly entitled to this honourable appellation, since it is only by his political demise, that we can succeed to our inheritance.

I pass over some little experiments, which were made by way of soundings on a new coast, or to try the ground as a blind man feels with his stick, in order to come to the first grand experiment—the attack on the judiciary; a measure which has shared the common fate of a first crime—that of being lost in the splendour of subsequent achievements. No man thinks or speaks of it now, and it is only of importance as marking the commencement of a system of experiments on the vital spark of our constitution.

Although this measure as well as most of the others that I shall mention hereafter, were ostensibly the measures of Congress, and as such only “*approved*” by his Excellency, yet I believe no one is so stupid as not to have observed, that since the election of Mr. Jefferson the legislative branch of government has degenerated into a mere organ of His Excellency’s will. Like the inspired priestess of Apollo it delivers only the oracles of this mysterious pythick divinity, and that without her inspiration. So docile an assembly I have seldom read of, and it has few parallels in history, except the servile parliament of Henry the Eighth and the Senate of Rome in the days of Tiberius, or Cali-

gula. It is therefore no unwarrantable assumption to say, that his Excellency is solely responsible for the measures of his *most obedient and very humble senate and house of representatives*.. That the *master* is accountable for the conduct of his *slave*, is a principle of law, even in the enlightened State of Virginia, whose *dynasty* seems destined long to govern this country, under the auspices of the great Emperor.

I think I am therefore warranted in considering the acts of Congress, as those of his Excellency, and as such will I examine them with all the delicacy due to so distinguished a personage. If I should unwittingly (notwithstanding my earnest wish to the contrary) offend his Excellency, the well known good nature of that gentleman will I hope ensure my pardon. Colonel Duane can bear testimony to his clemency, and so might Callender, had he not drowned himself wilfully, on purpose to belie his fate, and prove the old proverb, not without an exception.

When the bill for putting aside the additional judges which were established by an act of Congress passed under the administration of Mr. Adams, was agitated, it was argued, by the minority, that it was an infringement of the constitution to encroach on the judiciary which was an independent branch of the government, and therefore beyond the control of the legislature, except in the way of impeachment for mal-conduct. This principle, so important to the rights of the people, was at that time supported by some of the ablest men this country could boast, and it was then the very respectable democratic majority adopted that decorous and admirable policy, they have since so steadily and successfully pursued—of paying no kind of attention to arguments they were not able to answer. Even in the monarchical government of Great-Britain, the minister thinks it incumbent on

him to answer all objections to his measures; and even their venal parliament would be ashamed to vote for a principle which he had not talents to defend.

So far as I remember, the only argument brought forward in favour of the motion for violating the constitution, was that it would save about sixteen thousand dollars a year! The speedy administration of justice and the sanctity of the constitution were trifling objects, when compared with this paltry sum; and the people who had heard a vast deal about economy, were gulled into an approbation of a measure which broke down one of their strongest bulwarks against executive and legislative oppression.

Though I might reasonably account for this attack on the constitution, from the circumstance of Mr. Jefferson having uniformly opposed its adoption, yet there are other reasons why His Excellency bears a decided enmity to the judiciary.

On his advancement to the chief magistracy, he directly proceeded to the exercise of his great prerogative of filling all the offices under the general government, and it will long be remembered, with what a sweeping arm he displaced all the former incumbents, and with what romantic generosity he rewarded his followers and supporters. Even William the Conqueror was hardly more generous to his adherents, though he had a whole kingdom to bestow. But in this pious crusade against the officers of the former administrations, his Excellency was checked by the judiciary. Appointed to their offices during good behaviour, or until a certain age, they were in a great measure removed beyond his control. He could neither make them his tools or his victims, and I am fully persuaded that this disappointment was the cause of that steady enmity which his Excellency has displayed against this most important branch of our govern-

ment. I say most important, because that country never can be oppressed which has an upright judiciary to administer the laws, and no country can be free from oppression, where the judges are the creatures of executive power.

That the saving of sixteen thousand dollars, was a mere pretext for the repeal of the judiciary bill, I assert without fear of contradiction, and I ground myself on the subsequent conduct of the executive, which has been hostile in the highest degree. Without dwelling on the impotent cavils of the Aurora and other *respectable* organs of administration, that are daily spouting their venom against the most respectable judges of the land, nay against the very institutions of justice, I shall content myself with noticing the various acts of His Excellency, in which he has manifested a determination to pull down the judiciary, or make it subservient to his views.

The second experiment was unsuccessful, and happily was it for the people that Judge Chace found a refuge in the uprightness of the senate, who were not at that time quite so thoroughly *drilled* as they seem to be at present. Had he been sacrificed to the President, another and another victim would have perished on the altar of impeachment; and in a very little time the people would have been surrendered to the discretion of upstart tools, who like a "most righteous judge" *whom we all know*, would not hesitate to set aside the laws, in order to compliment Mr. Jefferson, or the French, or even the *Spaniards*, with the sacrifice of Colonel Smith, or any other gentleman who was peculiarly obnoxious. The acquittal of Judge Chace ought to have been celebrated as a jubilee by the people, for it damped the ardour of impeachment, and ensured at least safety, to a most learned, respectable and independent judiciary, which yet remains to us, a bulwark against executive oppression, and legislative encroachment.

Baffled in this attempt, His Excellency cautiously retired into his shell, and there waited with the patience of a spider watching his prey, for an opportunity of renewing his attack in a different form. His caution had however taken the alarm, and it was necessary to change the mode of warfare, from open force to covert stratagem. An instrument being necessary to the perfection of his plan, he cast about for one whom no sense of honour or conscience would bind, and who would be content to receive the smiles of executive favour, as an adequate compensation for universal contempt. He found him where such men are often found, basking in the sunshine of power, and gilded with the trappings of honour. In short he found him in the person of the renowned General, who swears by the honour of a soldier which he never had aright to pledge, and pollutes the Evangelists by making them sanction a falsehood.

Of this far-famed hero, this conqueror of the Sabine, this terror of the Spaniards, who has degraded his soldiers into catchpoles, and his officers into bum-bailiffs—who has “swore all sorts of oaths,” and betrayed both friends and enemies, I shall speak directly more at large, and with a due regard for his manifold merits. Though not an ill-natured man, or inclined to severity, I do confess I love to handle a recreant, a hypocrite, or an oppressor who looks down from his high station, and fancies he is beyond the reach of retribution. I am proud of the feeling of honest indignation which possesses me, whenever I think or speak, or hear, of this powdered reptile, this motley composition of coxcomb, bravo,\* miser and coward. To despise

\* Those who have ever heard the name of *Truman*, will understand what I mean by bravo. This unhappy gentleman was murdered while convoying provisions, by a party *disguised* as Indians. It was said he had discovered some of the General's secrets! “Dead men tell no tales.”

baseness is one step towards virtue, and to hate a hypocrite an approach towards honest open dealing.

I perceive it will be necessary to the task I have undertaken, to speak of an unfortunate gentleman, once the delight of his friends, the late Vice President of the United States. Fallen as he is, and lost to his country, I shall speak of him with that candour and moderation, which becomes us when we talk of those who are no more. Without being led astray by the yelping curs of faction, or influenced by the spirit of party, I shall appeal to my own understanding as the criterion of my belief, and to my own heart for his condemnation or acquittal. My object is not to defend Col. Burr, but to expose the encroachments made on the constitution and laws; and the usurpations of His Excellency and his minions, on the rights of the judges, in the course of what in *flebile ludibrium* was called a prosecution for high treason.

In order to let my readers into the secret of Mr. Jefferson's enmity to Col. Burr, and to develop the reason why he selected that gentleman as the victim of his illegal proceedings, it will be proper to turn to the period when His Excellency became a candidate for the presidential chair.

Every body knows the struggles which took place at Washington, and the difficulties which attended the election of Mr. Jefferson. Notwithstanding all that was urged by the renowned author of the "seven letters," which like the seven champions of Christendom carried all before them, it is certain that but for the policy, or prudence, or self-denial, call it what you will, of Col. Burr, His Excellency would not have been President at all. It is capable of demonstration that Mr. Jefferson was indebted to that gentleman for his success. It was known that the federalists at that time could have turned the scale in favour of either Col. Burr or Mr. Jefferson. They offered on

certain conditions to support the former gentleman, which conditions had he accepted, he might have been President of the United States. That he was not President is a proof that he did not accept them, sufficiently strong, one would suppose, to counterbalance even the *unbiassed* testimony of the *impartial and independent* author of the "seven letters." I cannot help attributing all Col. Burr's subsequent misfortunes to this one crime. That he suffered such a man as His Excellency to become master of the fate of his country was a fault which all his sufferings cannot expiate.

Some minds are impatient under the weight of obligations, and like an ass when too heavily laden, will kick and plunge with wonderful vigour until fairly rid of the burden. I have studied His Excellency's mind, with all the attention so great a curiosity merited, and can venture to assert that gratitude is not his foible. Besides, the man who gave the gift might have it in his power to resume it; it was therefore necessary to the security of His Excellency, and the honour of Virginia, that Col. Burr should be dispossessed of the confidence of the people. How this was accomplished is well known. I disclaim all intention of becoming the advocate or apologist of Col. Burr, but this I will say, that the wretched instruments and dishonourable means used to blacken his name were such as ought to have made every man of feeling his partisan, and such too as never were employed in a good cause.

It is a maxim in politics, as well as in morality, that the *end* to be obtained is best judged by the *means* which are used for its attainment. When we see men pursuing honourable means, we may conclude without the possibility of mistake that their *object* is equally honourable. But when on the contrary we behold fraud, violence, falshood and hypocrisy, employed as *means*, and wretches



of mean intellects, violent passions and low education, without honour or honesty to guide them, selected as the chosen instruments—reason, consciousness, every power and principle of the mind will bear testimony that something evil lurks at the bottom, and that “this cannot come to good.” The immutable laws of nature, the tremendous authority of the Deity are against it.

When by these successful stratagems of fraud, Col. Burr had been driven from his proud station in the public mind, he became a candidate for the first-magistracy of the State of New-york. The election for that office terminated in his failure, and this disappointment was soon followed by a duel, which ended in the death of one of the first men that ever adorned this country. Of that event no honourable man ever spoke but with the most piercing regret. “But happy in my mind was him that died,” for the days of the survivor have been days of persecution, banishment and regret. Chased from his country, the one is a fugitive in strange lands, while the memory of the other is cherished in the hearts of his countrymen. Yet the torrent of sorrow which flowed on that occasion, was polluted by the tears of many a secret enemy, who rejoiced in the termination of the General’s illustrious career, and cloaked his hatred of Col. Burr under the amiable garb of sympathy for the fate of his rival. But hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and the hypocrite only fulfils his destiny, when he affects an honest sorrow at the moment his heart is throbbing with guilty transport.

The spirit of party, I fear, rather than the spirit of justice, obliged Colonel Burr to become a fugitive, and the odium which was spouted upon him by all parties, who seemed for a while to forget their antipathies in the delight of hunting a defenceless individual, must be fresh in the memory

of every man, who paid any attention to the politics of that day. They will remember how this gentleman was hunted from place to place, how every man, however degraded and infamous joined in the hue and cry—how wretches with conscious guilt revelling in the inmost recesses of their hearts looked down upon him, and whitewashed their spotted consciences by the comparison. He was the river Jordan which cleansed even lepers. One would have thought that the world had rolled back to the days of primeval innocence, and that this was the first time the earth had ever been polluted with blood.

I have been told by those who had access to Col. Burr at that time, that his conduct under these dreadful visitations of popular fury, was manly, temperate, and every way worthy of one who from long experience of the hurricanes that so often lash the troubled ocean of democracy, had nerved himself to endure the violence of the tempest. But on this I will not enlarge. I may be branded with the ignominious epithet of an advocate for treason, a disbeliever in the infallibility of His Excellency, and the soldier-like honour of General Wilkinson; a heresy which even His Excellency would scarcely pardon, though his toleration extends to blasphemy. If however he should be offended with my disbelief, Thomas Paine shall be my advocate, and His Excellency who applauded the pious warfare which he waged against the oracles of the divinity, will I hope pardon me for that which I wage against his own infallibility.

I have considered it necessary to enter into these details in order to show that Colonel Burr being the object of His Excellency's most philosophical hatred, and also an object of persecution to all parties, was a proper subject on which to try the grand experiment, how far the constitution might be violated with impunity, and how far the jurisdiction

of the judges and the laws might be infringed without alarming the people.

The object to be acted upon, and the time of action were both equally well chosen, and the whole plan of oppression passed through triumphantly, without opposition, and almost without notice. The guardians of the people, the newspapers, gave it no attention, or mentioned it only to applaud: The patriotic demagogues who spend their days and nights in watching with untiring perseverance over the rights of their constituents stood by unmoved, and saw the altar of justice profaned: while the advocates of liberty and the common rights of the citizen, applauded to the skies, those measures which, if erected into a precedent, will sweep that liberty and those rights beyond the reach of recovery. Had these oppressions been practised by a federal administration, the whole country would have been made to ring with the tyranny and oppression of government; but because they were put in practice by the object of their idolatry, these honest patriots could do no less than bow down their heads in submission. The pagans abhorred adultery, and yet adored Jupiter, who was the most notorious cuckold-maker of all the heathen deities!

But to the proof. The following is the oath taken by the President of the United States, previous to his entering on the administration of his office. "I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR THAT I WILL FAITHFULLY EXECUTE THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY, PRESERVE, PROTECT, AND DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES." This is the oath prescribed by the constitution in its own defence; and when its honest framers had thus guarded the sacred deposit, they probably thought it secure from invasion. But times are sadly changed since the days of these grey-beard politicians; "wrens make prey where

eagles dare not perch," and what in those times of simple honesty was considered sacred, is now the sport of "successful experiment."

If his Excellency however has, as I presume to suspect, infringed the constitution, and the laws, I am not so unreasonable as to think him altogether inexcusable. I make every reasonable allowance for his having been born and educated in Virginia, where the people have a mortal dislike to any regular administration of laws. This antipathy I suppose they inherit from their ancestors, who were, for the most part, victims to the severe administration of justice in Great Britain. History records that in consequence of some *little trifling peccadilloes*, the law proposed to them the following disagreeable dilemma, to wit, either to transport themselves to Virginia, or stay at home and be hanged. Who can blame these *lofty descended* patriots for thus resenting on the laws the indignities of their forefathers?

But let us see what is said in that constitution, which His Excellency has sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend"? It says "*the judicial power shall extend to all cases in law or equity arising under the constitution*"—"That no person shall be held to answer for a capital or infamous crime, except on the *presentment of a grand jury*"—"That no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, except by *process of law*"—And "that in all CRIMINAL PROSECUTIONS the accused shall enjoy the right of speedy trial by an impartial jury of the state and district where the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law."

Let us now compare these principles with the measures pursued by the noble *persecutors* in the case of Col. Burr, and see how they harmonize with each other. For this purpose it will be proper to introduce the SABINE HERO and his famous

“popish plot” to the reader’s notice. My readers doubtless recollect this celebrated plot, neither are they strangers to the great TITUS OATES, who like Atlas bore this mighty fabric on his shoulders. They will remember how that PERJURED INFORMER said and unsaid; one day accusing men as accomplices, and the next, declaring them innocent on his oath, how he prevaricated and shuffled until even the most corrupt judges, would hardly receive his testimony—How when the delusion had vanished, and men began to resume their senses, he was solemnly tried for perjury, and convicted on the evidence of forty witnesses of undoubted veracity! And how finally, he was condemned to be whipped on two succeeding days from Aldgate to Newgate. Were I like honest Plutarch in the habit of *comparing* the lives of heroes, I would take this opportunity of drawing a comparison between *Titus* and the *Sabine hero*, whom in the course of this work I shall take the liberty of calling after his great predecessor in the manufacturing of plots. There are undoubtedly many strong points of resemblance in their characters, and though the *hero* has hitherto escaped his *whipping*, I trust that the denouement of his history will render the resemblance still more complete.

This conspiracy, like every thing else relating to the government, is enveloped in obscurity. After all the patriotic exertions of the *Sabine hero*, the *American Titus Oates*—after all the labours of Mr. Hay and his compeers—after ransacking the continent, and diving into the dens of profligacy and ignorance for witnesses, and after expending about two hundred thousand dollars, in order to bring this terrible business to light, all we know for certainty is, that the deadly conspiracy which was to split this great empire, and separate the inland and maritime States from each other, was raised by an affidavit, and suppressed by a proclamation!

From this tremendous mass of obscurity, I shall endeavour to select some circumstances which may perhaps throw light into the regions of its utter darkness. In this I shall be as brief as the nature of the subject will admit. I do not mean to enter into a vindication of Colonel Burr, because his innocence or guilt is entirely immaterial to the subject; for the constitution may be violated in the person of a traitor, as well as in that of an innocent person.

It will be remembered that about the time this *plot* was first said to be agitated, that this country was considered on the threshold of a war with Spain, and even His Excellency so far forgot his usual caution, as to set forth in a proclamation that hostilities had already commenced on the part of that nation.

The idea of a war with Spain has always been popular in this country, because the people have ever cherished the idea that her provinces in South-America were entirely defenceless, and would furnish a plentiful harvest to the invader. Sanctioned therefore by so respectable an authority it is no wonder that enterprising individuals began to look with eager eyes towards the rich and fertile fields of Mexico. At this period the armament of General Miranda was fitted out under the very nose of administration, and though, *after it had sailed*, the most peremptory orders were dispatched for its detention, still it was the general opinion that this was merely a blind to hoodwink the Marquis Yrujo, who at that time made some spirited remonstrances. This opinion was sanctioned by a jury on oath, when sometime after a prosecution was commenced against Colonel Smith and Mr. Ogden, who, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which individuals always labour when opposed to the State, were honourably acquitted, to the great mortification of the *honourable* prosecutor.

Long before this period, however, there is little doubt that the invasion of Mexico was a favourite object of the enterprising *Sabine hero*, who notwithstanding the *liberal allowance* made him by the Spaniards, was anxious to have a full sweep of the country which supplied such an unexhaustible quantity of these treason-making dollars. Like the honest proprietor of the golden goose, he was not content with an egg every day, but waited an opportunity of rifling the rich hoard itself.

The valiant General, it appears, is eminently qualified for carrying on an intrigue. At first sight he might be mistaken for a mere military coxcomb, a species of animal more contemptible than dangerous. But to the observer of keener eye, who looks through the powder and pomatum, and tinsel-foppery with which he is disguised, the form of cold, calculating, selfish villany, is seen crouching for its prey. Every wrinkle of his countenance is the lurking place of mischief, and every glance of his eye warns the observer to beware of treachery.

With this man Colonel Burr met occasionally in his journeys to New-Orleans, and as the General was in want of able men to second his plans, it appears that he opened to his visiter his design upon Mexico. He stated to him that the two nations were on such terms that a war must inevitably take place; that from the communication made by the President to Congress, it was expected by all parties; that the people were thoroughly enraged with Spain; and that at all events he himself could bring on hostilities at any time, by sending out a detachment which would certainly be attacked by the Spaniards. To Colonel Burr, a fugitive from his native soil, and bankrupt in fortune and in fame, such a plan offered temptations which at once decided him. There was certainly no treason in it, for there is little doubt that the cabinet were apprised

of the design of setting on foot an expedition to Mexico, and intended to plume themselves on its success.

Thus stood matters when one of those strange revolutions, that make wise men laugh and the vulgar stare, took place in the cabinet, and changed altogether the face of our political affairs. All at once it was understood that our differences were on the eve of being accommodated; that the "speck of war" which His Excellency had seen "rising above the horizon" had vanished; that the representative of his most catholic majesty had given assurances of ample satisfaction for every affront; and that finally there was to be no war. Whether policy, or intrigue, or the Marquis Yrujo's eloquence, or Gen. Turreau's whiskers, or the interposition of the Great Emperor wrought this miracle, remains a state secret, and will so remain until our *new order of jesuits* shall be abolished, and the people restored to the privilege of using their understandings. Certain it is, that His Excellency after having, like an honest mastiff, barked and snarled and showed his teeth for a while, was all at once metamorphosed into a little drivelling *whiffit*, and with tail between his legs did most incontinently scamper away from the seat of government, with as much speed as if his Persian ram had attacked him with his multifarious horns. It is said that when the noble Marquis heard of this *second inimitable retreat* of His Excellency, he was hugely tickled, and burst into a fit of laughter altogether unworthy the superb gravity of an ancient Castilian.

This sudden change in our relations with Spain, it will readily be supposed, altered the views of administration towards Mexico, and it became necessary to disclaim the plan of the *Sabine hero*, as well as that of Miranda. This might have been easily done; but as His Excellency the President,



is universally allowed to be a man of spirit, he did not like to knuckle to the *Dons*, by making this disavowal, and trying again the experiment of a *peace offering*, as in the case of Col. Smith. Besides it would have been extremely difficult perhaps impossible to offer up Col Burr, without implicating the great *Titus Oates*, who was too useful a man to be sacrificed, and whose dying speech might have disclosed too many state secrets. Here was a better method, which whether hatched in the fertile brain of the philosophic statesman or the renowned General I am at a loss to decide. Could I with certainty point out the author he should most assuredly receive his full measure of praise for the wonderful discovery, or invention; as it is, they must divide the prodigious honour between them; there is enough for both.

The plan was this. Col. Burr was assured by *Titus Oates*, that notwithstanding present appearances to the contrary, government still retained its hostile views towards Spain; that though it was necessary to temporize for a while, still in all probability the President would sanction their plan, and assist them in its execution. It was insisted that the most profound secrecy was absolutely necessary in conducting the preparations for this undertaking, and that its real object was not to be disclosed to any but their most confidential associates under the solemnity of an oath.

When every thing was ripe for execution, whispers of a plot to dismember the United States began to float about. Nobody knew from whence they came, and the uncertainty which accompanied them created the greater alarm. There is no danger so appalling to the imagination as that which approaches unseen, and like ghosts and spectres cannot be guarded against by any human precaution. After these ideal terrors had brought the nerves of the people to a proper state of weak-

ness, the great trumpeter of his party, Colonel Duane, sounded his trumpet, which like the famous horn of Astolpho, was able to appal the stoutest heart, and discomfit whole hosts of warriors. He was followed up by His Excellency, who forthwith called for his sharp pointed *pen*, and wrote a proclamation, beginning with a most alarming "WHEREAS," and ending with fire, murder and "flat rebellion." The members of Congress not to be behind hand, began to chatter like so many inspired apes; and had it not been for the spirited remonstrances of Mr. Randolph, the most sacred security of personal liberty, the *Habeas Corpus* act, would have been suspended, merely on the *rumour* of an insurrection! The constitution it is true declares that the *Habeas Corpus* act shall not be suspended but in times of rebellion, or *great public danger*. It appeared on the trial of Colonel Burr that he never had more than *thirty men* with him, during his expedition down the Ohio, and that he never proceeded to any act of rebellion. Yet with these thirty valiant heroes, armed with clubs and pitchforks, did he put the public in "*great danger*" and frighten Congress into an attempt on one of the dearest rights of the citizen.—Nay with these thirty men, did he, according to the affidavit of "the hero of Derne," intend to drive Congress neck and heels out of the capitol, and cut off the head of His Excellency himself!—Terrible!—Had these men been peers of Charlemagne, or even knights of the round table, each of them able to kill a giant or dragon, one might have expected, from them such mighty deeds of arms; but that thirty mere peasants and batteauxmen should have created such a panic, is a proof of such weakness and folly, as I cannot suspect *even* our administration of possessing.

It is true that few if any doubt the existence of this plot, and that Col. Burr has fallen a victim to

that belief. True he has escaped with life; but he has forfeited for ever what remained to him of the people's confidence, and above all he has lost the place which during all his trials he had till then retained in the hearts of his friends. So successful indeed have been the arts of *Titus Oates* and his noble coadjutor that there is now scarcely a man who doubts that Col. Burr was guilty of conspiring the dismemberment of the United States; although after all the unparrelleled exertions of Mr. Jefferson, certainly dictated by the purest love of justice—after all the testimony which could be procured by ransacking the country from one end to the other—and after all the perjuries and misrepresentations of ignorant and corrupted witnesses—a jury certainly not partial to the prisoner pronounced him innocent. That no proof of a plot so near maturity, and comprehending so many individuals, could be procured by the most arduous industry spurred on by the most inveterate malignity, is a phenomenon unparalleled in the history of the world, and might induce *very* sceptical men to doubt its existence, even though verified by the testimony of the immaculate *Oates* himself.

But although this chosen witness, and his fellow labourer, succeeded in destroying an obnoxious individual, yet they failed in another very important part of their plan, that of escaping uncensured themselves. His Excellency is indeed still posssssed of the confidence of a large portion of the people; but even the people cannot be for ever deceived by the most consummate artifice, and he is now treading the downhill path to oblivion. Or if his memory survive his cotemporaries, he will only be quoted as the hypocrite who under the semblance of patriotism cheated the people of their rights—as the miserable minion of foreign influence, who governed his country without glory

or advantage, and who having in the "full tide of successful experiment" conducted her to the verge of destruction, abandoned the poor victim of his arts as a wretched quack deserts his patient after having drugged him to the gates of death. As for the famous affidavit-monger and catchpole General, notwithstanding his most honourable acquittal, I believe there is no honest man, who for the wealth of worlds would bear that torrent of contempt and detestation which gathers about his name, as it rolls from one end of the continent to the other, threatening to sweep away the recollection of all former malefactors and their crimes.

I have thought it necessary to premise thus much in order to throw some little light on a dark and almost inscrutable affair, and if possible interest the reader in favour of these two renowned conspirators against Colonel Burr and the constitution. I will now proceed in my principal design, which was to substantiate the charge against His Excellency that he has infringed the constitution by depriving a citizen of the United States of his liberty without due course of law, and by invading the rights of the judicial branch of the government, the only security against executive oppression and legislative folly.

That government only can be pronounced free, in which the life, liberty and property of the citizen, are subject to those laws, to which the majority have given their consent by their representatives. Accordingly in all free constitutions care has been taken to guard against oppression, by securing these rights to the citizen by the most positive declarations. Thus the constitution of the United States declares that "*no individual shall be imprisoned but by due course of law, or held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, except in a presentment or indictment of a grand jury.*"

Let us compare the conduct of His Excellency

and his minions in the case of Colonel Burr, and see how it agrees with these solemn declarations of the constitution.

We have seen how, for the purpose of putting the finishing stroke to Colonel Burr's ruin, it was found necessary to frighten the women and children of the United States, with horrible tales of deep conspiracies, and approaching "iron wars." Accordingly the peaceable inhabitants of the country were kept in perpetual apprehension of the terrible traitor, who one day was coming down with an army of ten thousand bloody-minded men, armed cap-a-pee, to take possession of New-Orleans, plunder the bank, murder the men, and ravish all the innocent women—at another time his boats covered the Ohio and Mississippi as thick as hops, and the whole country was on the point of being overrun, burnt, sunk and destroyed by a *vast* body of freebooters, who it appears by undeniable testimony never amounted to more than thirty men!—The creation of this terrible phantom of rebellion was indispensable to the success of the plan; for His Excellency is philosopher enough to know that men are never more cruel than when under the influence of imaginary fears; and that the people are never so likely to pardon oppression as when it is practised under the specious pretence of securing their safety.

When *Oates* had thus blown the bladder of his conspiracy to its proper size, he proceeded with great diligence to save his country, by apprehending this terrible traitor, who with four or five boats and thirty men was going to undertake the dismemberment of a great empire, united in itself and at peace with the whole world! Accordingly without any legal authority whatever, without even the formality of a justice's warrant, the property of a citizen of the United States, who was peaceably, and in defiance of no law, proceeding

down the Ohio, was seized by a rabble of militia. It is true the constitution provides that "*the right of the people to be secure in their persons, papers and effects shall not be violated.*" But what of that? His Excellency has only, with the assistance of *Titus Oates* and Col. Duane, to invent a conspiracy, and he may destroy the property of all his enemies without exciting a single murmur. The people of the United States are very easily satisfied, and so you but allow them the name of liberty, are content without the substance. His Excellency has only to bid them beware of tyranny and he may practice it without a murmur—like the pick-pocket—who after having stolen his neighbour's watch, warns him to take care of his pocket.

But though under the false pretence of public danger Colonel Burr's property was thus illegally seized, yet his person still remained at large; and never I believe did hungry giant cry "fee, faw, fum" and thirst for "blood of Englishman" with a more craving appetite than His Excellency did for that of Colonel Burr. The first experiment having succeeded so admirably, (for no one whispered a breath against the seizure of the boats) thenceforth encouraged so mightily the noble *Titus* and his friends, that they from that moment proceeded in their work without any fear of future retribution. In the breast of the villain *conscience* is nothing more than the fear of consequences—promise him impunity, and you take away the only obstacle to his crimes.

The judges, those everlasting stumbling blocks in the way of oppression, not being found sufficiently docile, to grant *blank warrants* against they knew not who; and being troubled with certain ridiculous scruples about the violation of the laws, and such "stuff of the conscience," it was found necessary to set their authority, as well as that of the constitution, aside, and to declare

*martial law.* The Habeas Corpus act was in effect suspended, and the citizens of Louisiana surrendered to the discretion of a military commander! In any despotic government, England for instance, such a tyrannical usurpation of civil right would have raised a sentiment of indignation that would have endangered the safety of the King himself. But Mr. Jefferson is such a patron of the rights of man, and such a friend of the people, that he may do any thing in their violation with perfect impunity.

It was one of the strongest complaints in His Excellency's celebrated declaration of Independence, that the King of England "*affected* to render the military independent and superior to the civil power."

If the mere *affectation* of this was such a grievance, what shall we say to the reality? What shall we say to the man who, being the very high priest of liberty, sanctions the usurped authority of a military despot, while he tramples on the most important privilege ever accorded to a freeman—that of being subject only to the *legal* authorities of his country? Why was it that we separated from the parent country?—That we might be governed by such laws only as we had assented to by our representatives. In this consists the very essence of freedom, and without this a nation, however it may please itself with the name of liberty, is nothing but a community of slaves.

Now I would ask, is there any thing in our constitution or laws which authorizes a military commander to seize the person of a citizen, and transport him from one end of the continent to the other, without a warrant from the civil power? And if, as I maintain, there is not—under what authority was it that General Wilkinson apprehended Colonel Burr, and his associates, and shipped them to Washington?—By what authority did he presume to shut them up in forts, and prison ships,

robbing them of their clothes, and denying them the privilege of bail? Not by the authority of the civil power, for such was the contempt in which his arts were held by the judges that not a single warrant was issued on his application. These facts are serious; and they become more so when we find the man who has been guilty of such things, basking at this moment in His Excellency's smiles, and admitted to all his councils.

Having thus, by virtue of His Excellency's *sovereign* will and pleasure, become a most learned and upright *judge*, the catchpole General proceeded to exercise his new functions with all that moderation which is the characteristic of a mean and pigmy mind when elevated beyond its usual sphere of action. Colonel Burr was hunted like a condemned malefactor from one jurisdiction to another—and this after a grand jury had refused to indict him! The sword was exchanged for the constable's staff—officers were degraded into catchpoles, and vessels of war into prison ships—and from one end of the country to the other there was a general prostration of law.

In this crusade against the common rights of the citizen our *Titus Oates* distinguished himself by superior activity, and performed all sorts of things. At one time he was a General fighting most valiantly against armies invisible to all but such as, like the quick-sighted native of the Hebrides, could see them in the air—at another time he was a "most righteous judge" breaking all restraint of law and decency, and committing men to prison by virtue of his own discretion: again he was like Nimrod, a mighty hunter before the Lord, snuffing the wind with the keen scent of a blood-hound, and running down *men*, as if they had been transmuted into wolves by sentence of outlawry: Then he was a right learned clerk, decyphering letters with most wonderful fidelity, and the next instant



a most faithful witness, swearing *all sorts of oaths*. Proteus, it is said in ancient story, could assume a thousand shapes of villany, but he was a mere type of our hero.

It might reasonably have been supposed that his Excellency being such a stanch supporter of the rights of the citizen, would have punished this presumptuous commander, who had so palpably infringed them. But no such thing took place. After a trial which in the opinion of all unprejudiced men was a mere *sham*, this man has been most honourably acquitted, and instead of losing the confidence of the President is received into more than ordinary favour. Together with the Vendean hero Gen. Turreau he is consulted on every question of national importance, and together with him presides over the destiny of our country. To receive money from a foreign power—to usurp the civil authority—and to forfeit the confidence of the people, shall henceforward be considered as giving a man the strongest claim to honours, and rewards, under our glorious administration.

My subject would naturally lead me to inquire into the constitutionality of "*transporting*" Colonel Burr and his associates from New-Orleans to Washington and Richmond for trial. This *transportation for trial*, is made one of the articles of complaint against the King of England in His Excellency's declaration of independence, which I am sorry to have occasion to quote against its author so very frequently. The constitution it is true provides against this species of oppression, by directing that "*the criminal shall be tried by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed;*" but the constitution, when not supported by the sentiment of the people, is a feeble barrier against the power and will of the executive. Another President of the Virginia dynasty, and our constitution as well as our commerce will be annihilated.

The importance of this right to be tried in the district where the crime is committed, is not so well understood by the people as it ought to be. I consider it as one of our strongest securities against the oppression of power ; for were it not for this salutary restraint any individual, however innocent, might be seized by a military despot, and dragged from one end of the continent to another, there to be tried, where it is utterly impossible to procure a single witness to attest his innocence. Although the article quoted above does not expressly say it, yet the intention certainly was that the criminal should not only be tried by a jury *of*, but that he should be tried *in* the district where the crime was committed. And such is the importance which I attach to the due administration of the laws protecting *personal liberty*, that from the bottom of my heart, I do believe it would have been better, that the *union* of the states had been violated, than that the laws had been so violated under pretence of preventing the evil.—If such things are to become common in this country, we shall ere long have occasion to regret the blood which was shed in defence of our rights, during the revolutionary war. Open oppression the people of this country will I hope always have spirit enough to resist; and it is only by *undermining* and hypocrisy that they can be subdued.

It is not necessary to my purpose that I should enter on the detail of Col. Burr's trial at Richmond. The event is well known. Owing to the exalted firmness of Judge Marshall, who disdained to wrest the laws, or suffer them to be wrested to the purposes of oppression ; and to the impartiality of the jury, who disdained to be influenced by newspaper clamours, and who treated the testimony of *Oates* with merited contempt, Col. Burr was acquitted of the crimes laid to his charge. Col. Duane was also a witness on the trial, but on his

examination cut a most ridiculous figure, and was obliged to acknowledge himself totally ignorant of any thing appertaining to this famous conspiracy. The only reasonable conclusion to be drawn from this circumstance is that the Col. was brought there to overawe the jury; and I cannot help admiring the *ingenious* contrivance by which he was enabled to travel at the expense of the United States.

There were two or three other witnesses on this trial, whose names I present to the reader's notice, for the purpose of shewing what truly honourable instruments, and means, were resorted to in order to secure the condemnation of Col. Burr.

Jacob Allbright and Peter Taylor were, together with *Titus Oates*, the great pillars of the prosecution. My readers have been made acquainted with the character of the latter, but they probably do not know that Allbright and Taylor, were the very minions of ignorance, and so totally illiterate as to be incapable of reading or writing. They were however choice instruments in the hands of the prosecutors, and were accordingly selected to prove the *only* overt act set forth in the indictment, namely, resistance to the *civil authority* in the person of *Gen. Tupper*, who commanded the party of militia which was sent to apprehend Col. Burr's boats. Their testimony was however contradicted by at least thirty witnesses, and even Gen. Tupper himself declared, what was known to be a fact,—that he never in his life was in the commission of the peace!

There was also another witness whose fate excited much sympathy. A Mr. M. a respectable young man from the State of Tennessee, by artifice or bribery, or threats, was seduced into making an affidavit which went to establish the guilt of Col. Burr, for the purpose of justifying *Wilkinson's* illegal apprehension of that gentleman. On

his examination before Judge Marshall he however contradicted this affidavit in every material point. The Chief Justice, shocked at such dreadful prevarications, bade him be silent; "and never open his mouth again in a court of justice." The miserable victim of artifice retired from court overwhelmed with remorse and shame—took laudanum, and died.

I might go on to detail some other anecdotes of the witnesses on this celebrated trial; but those I have already given will be amply sufficient to demonstrate the pious regard for justice which actuated His Excellency and his ministers on that occasion. So very extraordinary was the zeal of His Excellency in particular, that he wrote a letter to Mr. Giles, after that gentleman had been summoned as a juror on the trial, to assure him that there was no doubt of Col. Burr's guilt! Mr. Giles incautiously, on his way to Richmond, mentioned this circumstance, adding he was convinced from *that letter*, that the charge against Col. Burr was true. When his name was called in court, he was challenged by the prisoner, who offered to prove the facts above stated. Even the fluent Mr. Giles was struck dumb on the occasion; and the orator who had displayed his eloquence in the face of the representative dignity of the United States, shrunk into silence before the very man he had pronounced a traitor. Who can wonder that a gentleman who had gone the lengths of His Excellency, should show his contempt of the judicial authority in this instance, and refuse to answer a *subpœna*, directed to him by the Chief Justice of the United States?—I have heard that *Kings and Emperors* are exempted from giving testimony in courts of justice; but I should be glad to know, unless His Excellency is a King or an Emperor, in what part of the constitution he is authorized to demur to a *subpœna*? Suppose, for instance, His

Excellency was privy to a murder, or any other atrocious crime—suppose, no matter how improbable, that he should have in his possession the most undeniable proofs of Gen. Wilkinson's having been a traitor to his country in receiving a pension from the Spanish government. Is His Excellency obliged to give up these proofs when called upon by the highest judicial authority in the State, and when they are absolutely necessary to the due administration of justice? Undoubtedly not—neither Napoleon or any other tyrant would submit to it—and why should His Excellency?

I shall wave any further consideration of this subject, not only because I have (unless I deceive myself) said sufficient to convince any man acquainted with the subject that the constitution was violated in the person and property of Colonel Burr; but because there are more recent delinquencies that demand my attention.

The constitution is like the decalogue, and he who infringes one single article transgresses the whole. I might therefore consider my principal object as accomplished, had I not undertaken to prove that there has been a decided hostility in the present executive towards that constitution which, however he might have opposed, he had sworn to maintain.

Far be from me the indecorum of charging His Excellency with having broken that oath. He may for ought that appears to the contrary, have changed his *faith*, and became a convert to the *religion* as well as the politics of France; in which case the holy father of the roman church would willingly absolve him from the performance of a vow, so inconvenient to the illustrious convert.

In the list of His Excellency's experiments on the constitution, the embargo claims a most conspicuous place, especially when one considers that it has been emphatically called his "*strong meas-*

ure," and moreover that it is the only one of the kind of which he has ever been accused.

For the more thorough examination, it will be necessary to consider the constitutionality, as well as the policy of that measure, and for this purpose, let us go as far back as the declaration of independence.

To all the complaints urged in this celebrated instrument, the constitution certainly intended to apply a remedy. We may therefore assume it as an undeniable position, that whatever is contrary to the letter of the declaration, is also contrary to the spirit of the constitution, which grew out of the principles laid down in that able manifesto.

What say the representatives of the people, assembled in congress the 4th of July 1776, an era memorable in the history of this country? This patriotic assembly, equal in virtue and talents to any ever convened in any country, and composed of men who I fear will have few successors in their posterity—declare that one of their principal grounds for withdrawing their allegiance from the King of Great Britain was that "HE HAD CUT OFF OUR TRADE WITH ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD." Until lately this might indeed have been considered a very reasonable ground of complaint in the second commercial nation in the world. His Excellency the President has however done precisely what is here complained of; and by a permanent embargo, not only "cut off our trade with all the world" but clogged our intercourse with each other with so many vexatious and illegal obstacles that we may now almost be said to be cut off from all trade even with each other. This pocket-picking measure is exactly what the representatives of the people in 1776 considered as a flagrant outrage upon the privileges of British subjects, and I would ask if we are not *now* entitled to demand equal freedom? If a citizen of the United States cannot

now claim the privileges which he demanded as a subject of Britain, for what did we undertake a seven years war?—If the constitution does not expressly provide against such a devouring measure, it is doubtless because it never entered into the imagination of its framers, that such an experiment would ever be repeated, while the example of the revolution remained as a warning to oppression.

But an infringement of the rights of the people can never be justified by the poor argument that it is not forbidden by any written law. Murder would be a crime, even though not pronounced so by the canon and civil laws;—and oppression ought to be exposed even though it may not be expressly illegal. The only passage in the constitution, which applies to the present question, is that which declares that Congress shall have power to “*regulate commerce.*” To put an end to the very existence of our commerce is to “*regulate*” it with a vengeance! It is like a watch-maker who under pretence of regulating your watch stops her for ever from going.

But I have still another proof which I think will nearly demonstrate that the right of laying a permanent embargo, and more especially of embarrassing the intercourse of one state with another, by official shackles, and vexatious obstructions, does not exist in the general government, but is nothing more than a downright usurpation.

The second article of the confederation of the states, which is the basis of the union, and the only security against the encroachments of the executive, solemnly stipulates, that “*each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence, and every power of jurisdiction and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in congress assembled.*”

Now I challenge any Virginian casuist to quote me a single sentence in the articles of confedera-

tion which delegates this right of destroying commerce to the United States. And if not so delegated, by what authority have Congress thus invaded the "*sovereignty, freedom and independence*" of every state in the Union? Not certainly by the authority of the constitution, for that recognizes no power, but that of "regulating commerce;" and if it did, not being sanctioned by the articles of confederation, it would not be valid.

If I do not deceive myself it will be quite unnecessary to bring forward any more authorities to prove the unconstitutionality of the embargo. Perhaps I might have saved myself the trouble of producing any at all. In this liberal and enlightened age, the divinity of the laws is a mere Chinese wooden god, who if he answers our purposes, is most devoutly cherished and adored; but if not, is kicked, despised and broken. The laws of the Creator, of society, and of nations, have yielded to the new discoveries in religion and morality. Thomas Paine has become the high priest of religion; and Grotius, Puffendorf and Vattel, have yielded to the irresistible reasonings of those great *civilians* Napoleon, George the third, and Thomas Jefferson; the latter of whom is doubtless *vir bonus dicendi peritus*—a good kind of a man skilled in talking.

But what shall we say to the *policy* of the embargo, which is next to be considered. That must be indeed a most melancholy measure, which can neither plead right or expediency in its excuse. But should it happen, as in the present case, to be a measure of *darkness*, hurried through Congress, without deliberation or debate, and predicated on reasons which the framers are ashamed to avow, surely there is room for the strongest suspicions that the good of the country was not its sole object.

A little consideration will serve to show that this darling measure of His Excellency, which his



followers dignify with the imposing title of his "*strong measure*," is nothing more than the rickety offspring of his weakness and his fears combined; and that in every point of view it is dishonourable and injurious to the country; dishonourable as it amounts to an acknowledgment that our government has neither the will nor the power to protect our commerce; and injurious, as it cuts off our prime source of national prosperity.

It is not meant to assert that the embargo was *solely* the offspring of the weakness and fears of His Excellency. No—there is no doubt but his *policy* came in for a large share. I mean his favourite *Virginia policy*, which is borrowed from the maxims of the great Chinese philosopher Confucius, and the practice of the illustrious Kien Lung.

This policy, with which His Excellency and sundry other political pedants have been so completely smitten, has it is true, *with the assistance of the great wall*, enabled the Chinese empire to subsist peaceably for upwards of two thousand years, with the exception of a single revolution: but a system which would preserve an absolute patriarchal government like that of China, might not exactly comport with the genius of a republic. The beautiful fancy of a country at peace with the whole world, pursuing her domestic happiness undisturbed by the convulsions which agitate the rest of the world, and dependant solely on its agriculture and arts for support, has there been put to the test of experiment. And what has been the consequence? "O" answers the philosophic adorer of theory—without doubt the happy period of the golden age has there been realized for ages—content, simplicity, cheerfulness and plenty there walk hand in hand; and all the rural virtues, the ethereal sisters, are seen to sport in the fields and hover round the fire sides of this

happy country." But what says the enlightened traveller, who has had an opportunity of "viewing these truths with closer eyes?" Alas! he beholds nothing but a mighty system of towering oppression on one hand and abject submission on the other—an Emperor with the title of Great Father of China, exercising the functions of a tyrant; and a people, who with the name of his children, are abject slaves. The "cankers of a calm world and a long peace," have eaten away every high heroic feeling of honour, and the sole motives of their actions are the fear of punishment and the love of gain. Instead of the rural virtues, nothing is to be seen in the fields but labour and oppression, and nothing at the fire side but poverty and gloom. The Emperor bamboos the great Mandarin, who revenges his pains (he has no sense of disgrace) on him next below him, and he on the next; until at length this *imperial legacy* descends with interest to the lowest of the emperor's children, who crouching at the feet of some miserable minion of authority, most devoutly lick the dust, and thank the petty tyrant for the salutary discipline they have undergone.

Puffed up with ignoble conceit these people have been led to believe that, because the Europeans come so far for their commodities, they must be a set of inferior beings. Happy in this notable idea they hug themselves in fancied superiority, and look down with all the lofty contempt of elevated ignorance upon nations incapable of making nankeens, cultivating the teaplat, and conjuring snakes into a man's breeches pocket. This home-bred arrogance, which always springs up in nations which do not maintain a liberal intercourse with the rest of the civilized world, has been the great cause that this rich empire, which has flourished inviolate for so many ages at peace with all mankind, is sunk into the most deplorable

ignorance and superstition. While the rest of the civilized world has been regularly advancing in learning and refinement, this empire of cabbage plants, engendered, nourished and rotting in the same spot, has lost what little science it once possessed, and neglected all its liberal arts, in the zeal for manufacturing toys for grown children, and hoarding up money, which the tyranny of their little reptile officers will never suffer them to enjoy.

There are other evils growing out of this perpetual embargo, which it is triumphantly boasted has ensured the empire of China a perpetual peace. The people have multiplied to such a degree that the country is unable to support them. Every year, according to the most respectable authorities, thousands of these wretched sufferers perish by famine, in different provinces,—Nor is this the worst—night after night, and every night, thousands of children are exposed to perish in the streets of the great cities by desperate parents who cannot support them; and such is the acknowledged necessity for this inhuman practice, that no punishment is inflicted for this unnatural crime by the laws, from a conviction that there are already too many people in the empire. Sometimes, indeed, humanity may snatch one of these poor infants from its fate; but for the most part they are mangled by the dogs before morning, and their remains collected in carts that go about for that purpose.

Thrice blessed policy!—What a happy country must that be, where the bomboo is the great minister of justice—where every body comes to buy tea—where a perpetual embargo maintains a perpetual peace—and where bloody war is exchanged for the more trifling evils of famine and child murder!—What a pity it would be if His Excellency should be disappointed in the introduction of

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such invaluable blessings. Still it is to be hoped that Mr. Madison, the second bright star in the constellation of Virginia, will live to finish what his great predecessor has begun, and that his *native state* at least will one day be permitted to realize all the unspeakable delights of a perpetual embargo, and its consequences!

But however the motives I have mentioned might and did influence His Excellency in the adoption of his famous "*strong measure*," he was too much of a politician to put them forward to the people, who notwithstanding all the attempts of our *Chinese administration* to extinguish it, still retain, and I trust will ever retain, some vital spark of that sacred fire which once burned in the hearts, and sparkled in the eyes of Washington's illustrious followers.

His Excellency, I repeat, was too much of a politician to acknowledge the real motives which dictated the embargo, and cloaked his fears and his Chinese policy under the specious pretence of keeping our property safe at home and protecting our seamen.

Among the people of America, who resemble the Chinese in their veneration for money, the idea of preserving their property was extremely popular; and however I may be induced to censure His Excellency's general conduct, I cannot here refrain from expressing my admiration of the profound skill with which on this and many other occasions he has practised his deceptions. Hypocrisy is one of the great qualifications of a popular leader, whose *wisdom* consists in deceiving the people—It is a dark lanthorn, which while it hides the bearer in obscurity, enables him to see every obstacle in his way.

When the backs of the people had become a little accustomed to the embargo and they began to amble along with a considerable degree of ass-like docility, out crept a little brood of supplements,

which Congress vomited forth with as much rapidity as a snake does her precious progeny of infant reptiles. The people were dosed with supplement after supplement, until their stomachs fairly turned, and they exhibited a face almost as rueful as that of Sancho Panza, after swallowing a potion of the balsam of Ferabras. At length the learned college of political doctors, having finished their prescriptions, and holden a last consultation over their exhausted and consumptive patient, adjourned with great decency, and were all sent home with a strict charge to intrigue for Mr. Madison.

These supplements at length seemed to rouse the people, who though not remarkably quick-sighted are sometimes like Balaam's ass inspired to see what is right before their eyes. They began to distinguish through the almost impenetrable mist of His Excellency's policy, the real intent of this "strong measure" and the extent of its operation. Minds of the most obtuse faculties began to perceive that if the preservation of "*our property*" had been the real motive for laying the embargo, the prohibiting our trade with foreign nations was alone sufficient to answer that purpose. They saw that there was no necessity to interdict the intercourse between one state and another, to withhold our citizens from an exchange of their own productions, or to give to every little contemptible officer of the customs a discretionary power to permit only such vessels as *he* pleased to clear out for any foreign or domestic port. In short, they saw at length the dawnings of that fatal *Virginia policy*, which aims at no less an object than the total destruction of our foreign commerce.

That the reader may the better comprehend what is meant by *Virginia policy*, about which much has been said of late; I will here digress

for a moment in order to detail some of the circumstances of their character and situation which have given rise to their antipathy to commerce and the regular administration of the laws. In doing this I disdain all prejudice against that *ancient commonwealth*, which I dare say is at least fifty years older than any other in the United States.

Virginia was so called in compliment to the *virginity* of Queen Elizabeth, a thing so very questionable, that the gallant Henry the 4th, of France, declared it puzzled him more than any question he ever encountered. In its colonization many difficulties occurred—the early adventures were all cut off by famine or the Indians, and it is a remarkable fact that the first permanent settlement was achieved by a gallant association of gentleman, who, having committed some trifling mistakes as to *meum* and *tuum*, were charitably permitted, as I have before observed, to chuse one of two alternatives—to ship themselves for the *ancient dominion*, or stay at home and be hanged. This was an excellent beginning—Rome was for the most part peopled by robbers, and Botany Bay is a most respectable colony, though first settled by pickpockets. Being so respectably descended, the lads of the ancient dominion pride themselves on their ancestry, (as well they may) and look down with contempt on the plebeians of the north and the east; whose forefathers were so ridiculous as to leave their native country from mere motives of conscience!

In virtue of this high descent the Virginians are all gentlemen, and to be a *merchant* is considered degrading in the most abject degree.

Having acquired, the Lord knows how, great landed estates, which are out of the reach of the laws, and living on the incomes derived from them, they are decided enemies to commerce, which enables a citizen of the east or the north, who never

inherited a single acre, in a few years to vie in riches with one of the most potent Lords of the ancient dominion. Truly it was high time to bring down these aspiring upstarts, by an embargo.

Their attachment to the laws is supposed to be considerably weakened by the recollection of the fate of their ancestors; but their attachment to liberty is truly astonishing. Such indeed is their devotion to the *goddess*, that they cannot endure that any body but themselves should possess her, and therefore make *slaves* of all the negroes they kidnap, or purchase—nay they have even been known to shoot one of these unhappy wretches, merely to put him out of a state of servitude!

From these characteristics results that policy by which the state of Virginia is distinguished from any other state in the union. And though I cannot say positively whether His Excellency is a descendant of the illustrious band of adventurers *per force*; yet it plainly appears he is a warm supporter of the opinions of the Virginian oligarchy.

That he is a systematic and decided enemy to commerce appears by his neglecting its protection throughout the whole course of his memorable administration—by his utter contempt of the petitions of the whole commercial body—by the blow which he has laid at the *root* of the commercial system, by a permanent embargo—and lastly by his having delegated to the different Collectors the power of granting *permits* to such vessels only as came well recommended, as belonging to the genuine supporters of the embargo. This last I consider as not the least serious evil attendant on the late measures of the administration, for to intrust any man with a *discretionary* power over trade, is to subject it to the influence of caprice, party spirit, interest and oppression.

When it was discovered at Washington that the numerous supplements to the embargo had opened the eyes of the people as to the fallacy of the reasons which had been put forward to justify that measure, it became necessary to resort to some other expedient in order to continue the delusion. The farmer could no longer be brought to believe that a law which, under pretence of preserving his property, obliged him in the end to sell it at half its value, or suffer it to perish on his hands, could possibly be intended for his benefit. Neither could a law which has banished every seaman from this country, be intended for the "protection" of our sailors. This was almost too much even for the faith of the most orthodox democrat to swallow.

His Excellency hereupon set himself to work, in order to manufacture what is emphatically denominated a *humbug*, and succeeded to admiration. From the prolific region of his brain came forth in full maturity, like the goddess Minerva, a most rare and admirable invention, which the indefatigable jackalls of this expedient-monger were despatched to trumpet forth to the people.

The embargo was no longer a measure of defence but of offence. The object was no longer to protect our property and seamen, but to annoy the two great belligerent powers, to starve the West-Indies, and bring Britain and France to an atonement for the insults and injuries which they had heaped upon this peaceful, unoffending, submissive and degraded country. Starvation was the word. We were to be regaled with the music of universal misery. The chorusses of starving negroes begging for bread—the dying groans of wretches griped by the hard hand of famine, were to atone for our wrongs; and the crimes of Britain and His Excellency's beloved France revenged on the unoffending descendants of oppressed Africa!



Admirable system of retributive justice! Who does not recognize in it the hand of a pupil of imperial France, who boasted that she revenged the crimes of ancient Rome on the heads of her descendants, and offered up to the manes of Vercingetorix, a Gallic chief slain by Julius Cæsar, some of the best blood of modern Italy.

But in sober candour I acquit His Excellency of this humane intention of starving the West-Indies. Such a project of cold-blooded and deliberate cruelty I am sure never entered his heart. My imagination cannot conceive that any mind, however exasperated by injuries, could in a phrensiad exertion of vengeance adopt such a cruel and brutal plan. It is like a bull who, being baited into madness, atones for the tortures inflicted by a few, by the indiscriminate destruction of all he meets. Far be it from me to accuse His Excellency of such inhumanity. Every body knows he is mildness itself. His patience under injuries—his universal philanthropy—his philosophical endurance of public contempt—his pious submission under all the visitations of insults from abroad, are so notorious, that were I really to accuse him of this nefarious design of starving the world into reason, it would no more be credited than if I were to compliment him for his wisdom, his candour, his justice, or even his magnanimity.

No man who is acquainted with His Excellency's philanthropy can possibly suspect him of this whimsical intention of wasting away the poor negroes by famine. It answered very well to gull the people, who, so they are revenged, do not much care on whom; and it served as a kind of Chinese wall, behind which he imagined he might securely dig the mine which was intended to annihilate our commerce, and prostrate at the same time the family of the Union, at the feet of his na-

tive State—the darling *Joseph* to whose *sheaf of wheat* all the others are to do homage.

But even admitting a moment, merely for the sake of argument, that His Excellency did contemplate the starving of his enemies into a reparation of his injuries by this famous “*strong measure*.” Let us then inquire how this humane experiment has answered the expectations of its notable contriver.

Have the West Indies materially suffered by the embargo?—Certainly not. It is notorious to every one that the islands are but little affected by this abortive attempt, and that no country has been materially injured by it but our own. It is thus that it always fares with a nation, whose power is wielded by a weak and irresolute arm. Like the fabled bow of romance, which when drawn by a strong and nervous arm, carried death and dismay into the adverse camp; but when usurped by weakness recoiled, and did itself the work of the enemy.

If the West Indies have endured an embargo of nearly a twelvemonth, they can endure one of a hundred years, for according to the most undoubted information, all the planters have, in consequence of that measure, set apart portions of their estates and slaves, for the purpose of cultivating the necessaries of life, which with proper care may be raised in every island. In a year or two, they will have reason to bless the name of His Excellency, who on this occasion seems to have been a blind instrument to point out to them their true interests. Instead of overstocking the markets of the world with their sugars and rum, and paying an enormous price for provisions, the planters will supply their own wants, and by diminishing the quantity of their exports enhance their price in proportion. It is thus that Providence sometimes deigns to sanctify the schemes of folly, and to turn

the blunders of one into the advantage of a whole community. Again—has this prodigious measure answered any one of the ends for which it was *ostensibly* designed?—Have the decrees of France or the orders of the English Council been abandoned, or have the offending nations discovered any symptoms of repentance or amendment? Alas! No—it seems that these desperate delinquents are determined to provoke their final destruction, by persevering in wickedness, until His Excellency shall at length rise in all the irresistible strength of cowardly desperation, and with the aid of his catchpole General *Titus Oates*, his valiant bully Colonel *Alias Duane*, his invincible Gun-Boats, his *Bum-Bailiff* army, and his terrible proclamations, astonish the whole universe with the measureless measure, of his immeasurable revenge!

I could not resist the inclination to treat the subject of His Excellency's warlike preparations with a degree of contemptuous levity, which contrasted with the gravity of my subject may perhaps appear misplaced. But in reality there is something so exceedingly ridiculous in the figure His Excellency makes at present, and his situation is so ludicrously distressing, that even at the very crisis when his poor temporizing ricketty policy has brought the barque of the commonwealth into imminent danger, I cannot help looking back at the dismayed and unskilful pilot, who stays aghast, at the prospect before him, and laughing in his face most indecorously. I thank Heaven it is not my fault, but the blindness of my countrymen, that to use the words of a celebrated writer "We are governed by a set of drivellers whose folly takes away all dignity from distress, and makes even calamity ridiculous."

Having as I think routed His Excellency out of some of his strong holds, I shall make a short re-

capitulation of his public conduct, for the purpose of shewing that he has no claim whatever to the confidence of the people, and that as the first magistrate of a republic he has degraded his country, and forfeited the title of an honest man.

His Excellency while secretary of state under General Washington, in the opinion of all his cotemporaries, supported that infamous paper which was a perpetual libel against that great and good man, whose character one could have supposed was too pure even for the malignity of fiends to attempt. That paper was then, and is still conducted by the mad malignant idiot, once plain *scoundrel* Duane, but now by the courtesy of His Excellency, who remembers his old friend and fellow labourer, dignified to the indelible disgrace of a once honorable profession—with the title of Colonel Duane. What but the most gnawing ambition—what but the phrensy of high-wrought jealousy, or the fell envy of the fiend, who sighs to bring down the pure ethereal spirit to the level of his own darkness, *could* have prompted an *American* to abuse and vilify so excellent a hero, or to reward the *foreign hireling* for a service of such prodigious infamy?—If the pure spirit of the *Fabius and Marcellus* of America, himself both sword and buckler of his country—ever contemplates its fading glories, how will it regret the blood that was spilled in the glorious struggle for that manly liberty and independence, which in a few short years has given place to an ignoble and cowardly system of deception and chicanery.

His Excellency while secretary of state was as notorious for his devotion to the interests of *republican*, as he is now to those of *imperial* France, and on every occasion associated himself in the cabinet with the then attorney general Edmund Randolph, in opposing the wise measures of General Washington, to resist the torrent of popular madness.

The attorney general was afterwards *convicted* of betraying his country to France, but the secretary has been more fortunate, or rather more prudent; and however strange the delusion may appear, there are absolutely vast numbers of well-meaning people, with the reputation of common sense, who still believe him innocent of any share in that honourable transaction!

For these and a variety of other brilliant achievements, His Excellency was elevated by the gratitude of the people to the chair of chief magistrate, with full power to pursue his favourite scheme of aggrandizing his native Virginia at the expense of her younger sisters.

Almost the first act by which he signalized his administration was entering a *nolle prosequi*, to stop the proceedings against his worthy coadjutor Colonel Duane, who was then under prosecution for a most infamous libel against General Washington. This was exactly as it should be. "Honour amongst thieves" says the old proverb, and if *they* betray each other where shall we look for fidelity in this wicked world?

By making this diversion in favour of his faithful friend and compeer, His Excellency not only signalized his *gratitude*, but also his prudence. For if the renegado Colonel had been left to suffer the consequences of his crimes, he might in revenge have turned upon his employer, and betrayed his dark secrets. Yet notwithstanding all the rich crusts which His Excellency has given to keep his stanch blood-hound true to the scent, a time will certainly come when he will gorge on his master. For in the general system of Providence there will be found a principle of retributive justice, by which sooner or later the wickedness of the hypocrite is revenged by the treachery of some worthless accomplice. When a great man descends to mean and little actions, and commits to the custody of a

tool, even the *tattered remnants* of a *rotten reputation*, he becomes the slave of his own instrument, and for ever forfeits that independence, which to a noble mind is the first blessing of Heaven.

When His Excellency had become a little accustomed to his blushing honours, and began to feel himself strongly seated in the saddle of authority, he lost no time in putting into operation that system of government by which he hoped to debase the MIND of his country, paralyze every noble spring of action, and destroy every principle of emulation, but that of fraud and hypocrisy.

For this purpose it became necessary to secure the co-operation of the legislative branch of the government, which emanating more immediately from the people, possesses in general more of their confidence, and is considered by them as the peculiar guardian of their rights. The judiciary, composed for the most part of men who have few likenesses in the country—of scholars and gentlemen—disdained to become the tools of the high-priest of democracy, and by so doing, (as I have before proved) ensured his most lofty indignation. May this *branch* of our government flourish *ever-green*, full foliaged, and immortal—for there is now no other bulwark to the constitution, and no other defence against a military despotism.

But His Excellency solaced himself under this disappointment, in the consenting arms of the house of representatives, and like a true philosophical lover, failing in wooing the *mistress*, according to his *usual custom*, contented himself with the favours of the *slave*. His overtures were received in the *house* with the most endearing encouragement, and in a very short space of time, His Excellency was as much at home as a rake in a bagnio. With the exception of a small majority, there was not one of the members who did not submit to the most shameless and open prostitution.

But with the other house it was necessary to use some few of the *arts* of seduction. The senate being for the most part composed of grave, sober church-going *bawds*, who had some remnants of character to support, required a little more time to surrender their *virtue*, and made some show of resistance; but His Excellency like another gallant gay Lothario soon triumphed over their *affected* opposition—they could not resist his red breeches. Having once overcome the sense of public shame they even surpassed their younger sisters in frailty, and set them an example of debauchery.

In treating this subject I have endeavoured to restrain my contempt as much as possible. I am aware of the danger of treading this forbidden ground, and I know that the most insignificant insects when collected in a body and roused by irritation are dangerous assailants. I know too that there is no animal so dull and insensible as to be incapable of rousing itself to vengeance—even the swine will start from his beloved *mire* when assailed with proper spirit.

Having succeeded in overcoming the coy resistance of the *two houses*, and having fastened them (as Achilles did the body of Hector) to his chariot wheels, His Excellency began to drive at a prodigious rate, in imitation of the Grecian hero. So eager was he in the race that he forgot his habitual caution—he forgot that he was the guardian of his country's honour—the head of an independent nation—the trustee of the people's rights, and the pillar of the state. He no longer remembered that he had won the confidence of the people by pretensions to superior sanctity of republicanism, and virtue more incorruptible. So zealous was he to push us down the precipice of dishonour, that he forgot he was liable to be dragged with us—and so anxious to become the deity of his native state, that he unguardedly became the

demon of the others, and like the subterranean gods, though adored in the region of tartarus, became an object of abhorrence in the regions of light.

General invective is the usual weapon of weakness or malignity ; I shall therefore in order to fortify my observations detail some of the most prominent effects of His Excellency's new system of government.

Every body will recollect, for it is but a few years since (so rapid has been our progress from infancy to decay) when this country stood on a proud eminence. Its dawn of existence was like that of Hercules, and its maturity promised to be like his. But the *poisoned garment*, was thrown over her at an early period, and her premature strength has been followed by a premature old age and second childhood.

Under the guardianship of the good Washington, the architect and pilot of the state, the name of an American was respectable abroad, because his country was governed by men of honour, who nursed her rising glories with a parental solicitude, and stood prepared to protect her from insult, or revenge her wrongs. As her riches increased, so did her strength—for a part of that wealth was employed in the protection of the whole. Washington was a soldier as well as a statesman, and he knew that *high spirit* in an individual was not more necessary than in a nation, and that neither one or the other could ever be respectable without it. He therefore pampered that noble spirit, which is the best defence of nations, by every means in his power : by promoting men of talents and spirit—by rewarding bravery—and, above all, by putting the country in a situation to resist an enemy ; well knowing that a consciousness of strength is the best nurse of heroism in the people. By this wise and manly policy, the nation



in a little time began to look respectable, and to challenge the consideration of Europe, which saw that the time was fast approaching when her friendship would be of importance, and her enmity dangerous.

But this wise and virtuous ruler, worthy to be placed on a level with any citizen of any age or nation, at length retired from public life followed by the blessings of his country. Though now almost lost in the blaze of Mr. Jefferson's superior merits, the memory of their good father is still cherished in the hearts of all that is worthy among his countrymen; and notwithstanding all the attempts of Duane\* and his pack of yelping curs, his name I trust will descend to the remotest ages with honour and renown.

To General Washington succeeded Mr. Adams, who appears to peculiar disadvantage when contrasted with his illustrious predecessor. But however faulty may have been his administration in other respects, still he did not neglect the wise example of that great man, and amid all his weaknesses, employed a part of the revenues of the State in strengthening its defences. His administration

\* This modest gentleman sometimes, in his cups, boasts that he made Mr. Jefferson what he is, and can again reduce him to his original insignificance! Truly it is no wonder His Excellency made him a Colonel. It is well that same modesty which is the characteristic of his country prevented him from soliciting a Generalship, because every body knows His Excellency would not have dared to refuse him. Truth is my witness that though I speak of this transaction with apparent levity, I think of it with the most bitter contempt for every one concerned in this appointment, that seems to have been made on purpose to disgrace a profession which was always respectable until the catchpole General and Col. Duane polluted it by their fellowship. With this contempt, is mingled a feeling of degradation, that my duty renders it necessary so often to mention this renegado, who in better days, and under a government possessing a proper sense of its dignity, would have been at this moment rotting in oblivion, or only remembered by those who study the records of courts of *criminal justice*.

is now only remembered as having paved the way for the elevation of his present Excellency, in whose "full tide of successful experiment" the memory of all past weakness and folly is swept away.

This wise system of strengthening the country proved in the end the ruin of the Washington party. The emissaries of Mr. Jefferson were dispatched among the people to sow disaffection. They were made to believe that all the measures of defence adopted by that party tended to the downfall of republicanism. The navy and army, instead of defending us against foreign nations, were intended to enslave our own country, and the forts erected for the preservation of the commercial cities, were only instruments for the purpose of overawing the people. Those additional taxes which the circumstances of the times rendered necessary, were cried out against as enormous impositions; and the people, who are peculiarly susceptible to all attacks on the pocket, were puffed up with the mighty conceit of an economical government.

The democratic party at length, by the steady practice of these arts and calumnies, having obtained a majority, His Excellency mounted the high pinnacle of honour, and sat in the executive chair. On that day, as it was triumphantly boasted "the sun of federalism set," and since that disastrous period we have been wandering in shadows, doubts and darkness. Our ships of war have been sold or suffered to rot—our fortifications have been permitted to crumble into decay—the spirit of our naval officers has been smothered in gun-boats—that of the army broken by being put under the command of a man who in the opinion the world is a rank and tainted hypocrite\*—and the mind of

\* The General sometime since vindicated his injured honour in a pamphlet of at least two and a half pages called "a plain

the nation pressed down to a tame endurance of every species of degradation.

Invited by our defenceless state the natives of Europe have violated our territory—plundered our commerce—kidnapped our seamen—committed hostilities on our vessels of war—and finally persevered in insult and injury, until even the mild and philosophic spirit of His Excellency is irritated to some show of resentment.

But it is amusing to see how oddly a man will sometimes revenge himself when he is thoroughly in a passion. Instead of worrying his enemies to the utmost of his power the enraged philosopher in the phrenzy of vengeance most incontinently turns upon his own friends, and by a “strong measure,” points all his mighty energies against the bosom of his country.

In the pious hope of starving his enemies he has impoverished his friends, and in attempting to ruin the merchants of England he has bankrupted those of America. His Excellency has not even

tale,” to which was suspended a long tail of an appendix, containing scraps of letters from the late secretary at war, praising his “discretion.” Of his fidelity, courage, enterprise and activity, the secretary is most provokingly silent. Why did not the catchpole General who is such a capital hand at *altering* other men’s letters, insert some praises of his other great military qualifications? General Knox could not have risen from the grave to contradict them—and at all events, the court of inquiry might as easily have acquitted him of this as of other matters. There is also inserted in this most satisfactory appendix a letter from Governor Foulck, a *Spanish Governor*, certifying that to the best of his knowledge and belief, the General never sold himself to the Spanish government, or ever, (as far as he knows) received a pension for betraying his country! This letter is backed by a certificate from a most precious witness—one Thomas Powers, an acknowledged agent of Spain, which is nearly the same as the letter. Who can resist such proofs? Well may it be said that this is the age of scepticism, if we refuse to believe in the “honour of a soldier,” who has been acquitted by a court of Inquiry which was restricted from making any inquiry at all, and who in virtue of the authority of General Knox is a man of the most profound “discretion!”

the consolation of the envious man in the fable, and has plucked out an eye to no purpose. The present posture of affairs in Europe, and the manly struggle of the brave Spaniards, is a death blow to the feeble energies of the embargo, except so far as they operate against ourselves, and by opening the Spanish main to England will render her utterly indifferent to the non-importation and embargo—the two-edged swords of the invincible warrior-knight, Thomas Jefferson.

What will the yeomanry of this country, who have hitherto supported the embargo from a forlorn hope of its efficacy, say, when they come to perceive that it never was, and never could be intended, as I have asserted, for any other purpose but that of ruining our commerce, and of consequence vitally injuring the agricultural interest?

It is but the idle language of a false and destructive theory to argue that the farmer is independent of the merchant, or that the distresses of the one will not be felt by the other. The experience of ages has demonstrated the intimate union between agriculture and commerce, and that in proportion as one suffers the other sympathises with it. There is not a single instance in the history of the world, of any great commercial nation ever recovering, or surviving the destruction of her trade. In proportion as she lost her commerce, her agriculture and manufactures declined, and the people universally sunk into poverty, idleness, and contempt. But in the eye of the new philosophy, the experience of ages is nothing but a mighty volume of errors, and the accumulated examples of five thousand years, vanish before the illuminated inspirations of the enlightened band of modern experimentalists.

To any person who has impartially contemplated the baleful effects of His Excellency's "strong measure" the truth of my position must be evident.

Not only in our commercial cities are its effects observed, but, in the remotest parts of the country, it is eating away the hard earned profits of the husbandman. The produce of his farm, which in happier times, found a ready and profitable sale, now lies dead on his hands, or is sacrificed at one half its value; or what is now a common and melancholy case, it is exposed to sale by execution, in a place where there is no one to buy, because all have more than they want.

The cry of poverty and distress begins to be heard in the rural hamlet, where it never was heard before, and instead of that gay and thriving industry which once mantled the fields of our country with the rich product of labour, our acres are seen lying fallow, and our late industrious labourers basking in the sun. The farmer will not toil without the prospect of gain, and had rather see his fields lie waste, than their produce rotting in his barns.

There is another circumstance in the administration of His Excellency, which I shall notice for the purpose of exhibiting one more proof of his hypocrisy. We have seen how he inveighed against standing armies as contrary to the genius of a republic, and dangerous to the liberties of the people, yet at this moment he is raising a standing army of six thousand men, not for the purpose of defending the country, but of destroying the civil authority, and enforcing his embargo at the point of the bayonet! This is no idle declamation, no reverie of a crazy politician. Look at the conduct of the navy and military of this country. What have they been about of late but usurping the civil authority in all parts of the United States? Is a law passed for the regulation of any district—a detachment of military is sent to enforce it with fire and sword, before any opposition is intended or practised. Does an officer

commit an outrage on the civil power, or insult a magistrate, or break the peace—he draws his sword and swears, that law shall be no more, and that military justice shall prevail throughout the land\*. In short, instead of an army of gallant soldiers to defend us against foreign dangers, we are saddled with an army of military catchpoles, let loose upon our rights and our commerce, actuated by the spirit of bumbailiffs, and commanded by a catchpole General.

And yet his Excellency has found means to persuade the credulous people of the United States, that he is a pure unsullied Republican, a marvellous admirer of liberty, and the rights of the citizen. Indeed the more I contemplate his Excellency's character the more I am astonished at his wonderful powers of deception. As a juggler, I would not hesitate to place him on a level with any slight-of-hand hero the world has ever produced, not even excepting the famous Breslaw himself. That he may not, however, rely with too great security on his mountebank skill in making black appear white, I beg leave to obtrude on him by way of caution a maxim which is of infinite importance to all hypocrites, and jacobin politicians—“*Chacun en particulier peut tromper & etre trompé: personne n'a trompé tout le monde.*”

I shall finish my compliments to his Excellency, with a character which will no doubt be recognized by his most intimate friends. This character was once given in my hearing by a great and lamented genius, who is no more; a pupil and a friend of the good Washington, and one who from long and intimate experience, had become thoroughly conversant in all the secrets of the character he detailed. To him might justly be applied the eulogium once pronounced on the great Roman orator; for he was the American Cicero—

\* Vide the valiant Lieutenant or Captain Cross.

Animo vidit, ingenio complexus est,  
Eloquentiâ illuminavit."

Of all the enemies which either a State or an individual can possibly encounter the hypocrite is the most dangerous. He who behind the mask of Republican simplicity, hides an immeasurable ambition; and covers under an appearance of philosophic moderation, the most gnawing selfishness, is a man who if in private life is born for the ruin of domestic happiness, and if in a public station for the destruction of his country. Against open, bold and daring enemies we are on our guard, and if we cannot defeat their attempts, at least are not denied an opportunity of defence. But against the attacks of the hypocrite no caution is a sufficient defence and no courage an adequate shield—we know not from whence the blow will proceed, and cannot guard against a danger which approaches unseen. With hypocrisy, *cunning* is generally in close offensive and defensive league—for wisdom disdains such an ignoble alliance and scorns to become the tool of a double-faced associate. From the union of these two qualities results a third, which is absolutely necessary to form the character of a complete jacobin politician, and that is cowardice.

This illustrious assemblage of splendid qualities, forms the principal ingredient in the character now under consideration, and to the two first of these, the gentleman is indebted for the high station he occupies in this country. Hypocrisy enabled him to deceive the people by an appearance of candour, of zeal for the public good, and universal liberty; and at the same time it prompted him to deceive General Washington, whose noble and candid spirit never conceived it possible, that such a low and dastard quality could possibly enter into the composition of a true Republican.

But it was not only necessary that this gentleman should possess the confidence of the people, but that those who stood in the way of his ambition should be dispossessed of it; and here his *cunning* came into play. By artful insinuations against the policy of the Washington party--by dark suggestions that they were preparing to enslave the country by the agency of its necessary means of defence--by supporting emissaries who calumniated and reviled all those whose talents or virtues had elevated them into public favour--and by every other expedient of low and malignant *cunning* he at length succeeded in raising himself on the ruin of his less designing adversaries.

Having thus by exerting the two great master springs of his policy, attained the summit of power, he soon had occasion to discover the dangers of his situation, and that nothing but the most vigorous policy or the most powerful protection could preserve the independence of the country. Vigour he had none, except in the prosecution of intrigues, and the busy din of arms sounded on his ear like the knell of death. Even "a speck of war in the political horizon" seemed to his coward perception like a thunder cloud ready to burst upon his head. Preferring a pitiful dependance on a foreign power to a manly assertion of his country's honour, he quietly enlisted himself under the banners of France, became a citizen of that country, and to the eternal prostitution of his fame, accepted a station among the prostitute followers and toad-eaters of a tyrant and usurper. Here he will remain, I fear, until by his dark, hypocritical, cunning and cowardly policy, he has ruined the good name of his country, degraded her into the ridicule of the world--and rendered her a mark for the finger of scorn.

Thus have I endeavoured to develop the machiavelian character and policy of His Excellency.



The task was difficult, for it is only at rare intervals that the hypocrite intrudes into the light of day and dares to encounter the sun-beam, which like the spear of Ithuriel discloses the disguised fiend, and makes him start at his own deformity. The dark and secret course of the Virginia policy, is held beyond the reach of common eyes, and though we are alarmed with one indistinct apprehension of danger, like that which precedes the thunder storm, the power which is secretly undermining the character and prosperity of the country is impervious to our sight. It is not the roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but the gaunt and crafty tyger, sneaking under cover of night towards his destined prey. Under an appearance of republican simplicity and disinterested patriotism it conceals an ambition that grasps at the subjection of the Union; and under a pretended love of peace, shelters a dark conspiracy against the character and welfare of the American name—*maus gravior sub pace est.*

His Excellency being satisfied with public honours, or perhaps perceiving that having brought the State to the verge of ruin, it was high time to get out of the way, before it tumbled to pieces, took occasion last winter to declare his resolution to resign his prodigious honours. Three candidates have appeared to claim the succession to this precious inheritance, and it may be no idle inquiry to enter into a short examination of their characters and pretensions. In performing this task I disclaim all prejudice or partiality whatever. Between the venerable Clinton and the gentle Madison, I make no distinction, except what is challenged by superior merit; and were I inclined to give any title to this portion of my labours, I would call it a philosophical inquiry concerning a *choice of evils*. Having thus, as I trust, cleared myself from all suspicion of party views, or undue political bias,

I will now proceed with my undertaking. Perhaps I ought in imitation of certain great patriotic scribblers, to appeal to the *good sense* of the *sovereign people*, to judge of the question ; and I would most certainly follow the fashion, were it not that I had previously determined to make my appeal to the high and mighty sovereign, *King Log*, who I consider by far the most sensible potentate.

To begin with Mr. Madison, who ought to have the precedence, first—because he is a Virginian Lord—secondly because he was once a federalist—and though like Lucifer he has lost his station among the sons of light, still he is entitled to some consideration on account of the rank he once sustained—and thirdly because he is merely the representative of his lady, and I am on all occasions most devout in my allegiance to the fair. This last consideration will influence me in my strictures on his character, which I shall treat with all the delicacy due to the feelings of a tender modest and retiring *matron*. The choicest language shall be selected, the chastest colours blended together in the likeness ; and if unfortunately it should happen that a scrupulous regard for justice obliges me to bring His Honour to the block, his execution shall not be performed by a *common hangman*.

In examining the conduct of *His Honour* I promise not to visit him too roughly ; but like the youthful grimalkin, play with my velvet captive for a while, and then good naturedly suffer him to escape to his hole again. *Aquila non mangia mosche*—the eagle does not feed on flies—but yet will sometimes turn aside from the pursuit of nobler game, to frighten an insect by way of relaxation. Indeed in so little estimation do I hold the talents of *His Honour*, with the exception of that talent for intrigue which he has doubtless acquired in the capital school of His Excellency, that had he not ven-

tured to aspire to the presidency, I know not whether I should have recollected his existence. I remember once to have heard, but did not believe, that he wrote some of the numbers in that great constitutional work *the Federalist*. His name appears also subscribed to the constitution of the United States, a circumstance which His *Honour* appears to have forgotten in the late crusade against the rights which were intended to be secured to the people by that instrument.

But though neither entitled by talents or services to much consideration yet, His Honour by pretending to the first office in the gift of the people, has all of a sudden become an object of great political importance. Like his stanch advocate and friend, Colonel Duane, the misfortunes of the State have elevated him to a station which neither his abilities or services would ever have gained.

I will therefore endeavour to draw his likeness, as far as it is possible to exhibit the faint and almost imperceptible outlines of a character without a single feature bold or strong enough to fix the attention of the artist. Such as it is however, it is proper the people should understand it, before they decide, whether or not, in the present situation of the country, as respects her foreign relations, such a man is fit to be intrusted with the guardianship of their independence. When speaking of an *independent nation*, I mean a nation which not only enacts its own laws, but stands erect, and pursues its measures without any regard to the *will* of any *foreign potentate whatever* ; for of all tyrannies, that exercised by a *foreign influence* is the most degrading to a nation, and dishonourable to a people among whom the last spark of honourable spirit is not smothered. The Roman historian Livy, thus admirably defines a free State. “ *Civitas ea autem in libertate est posita, quae suis stat viribus, non ex al-*

*ieno arbitrio pendet.*” \* Whatever may be the constitution of a State, and however favourable the laws may be to the preservation of civil liberty, that country never can be *free* which is subjected in any way to a *foreign influence*. That such an *influence* has long existed in this country, to the sacrifice of its true interests, and the decay of all its budding honours, is a truth, which however it may strike a cold and death-like damp upon the hearts of all reflecting men, is yet a truth sanctioned by so many mournful appearances, that it now no longer admits of a doubt: Every sentiment, every act of our administration exhibits proof that amounts to demonstration.

That Mr. Madison will acquiesce in this degrading submission, will appear too certain the moment we consider his former attachments, and peruse the daily effusions of those papers exclusively devoted to his interests. The advocates of Mr. Madison and of French interest, are one and the same; and in the same column we are edified with panegyrics on the patriotic republican French Emperor, and the no less patriotic American Secretary: The patriotism of the one, and the moderation of the other, are placed side by side for our admiration, and we are sometimes at a loss to pronounce which of these worthies is really intended for our master. To please Napoleon and his gentle candidate for the presidency, the patriotic Spaniards are denounced as *rebels* against their lawful sovereign, and that generous sympathy which ever throbs in behalf of men who are struggling against oppression, is attempted to be turned into ridicule and smothered, by these wretched tools of faction and tyranny. I say faction and tyranny, because while advocating the cause of the French Emperor they at the same moment are striving to sow sedi-

\* That State alone is free which rests upon its own strength, and depends not on the arbitrary will of another.

tion in the country, and to destroy every genuine principle of civil liberty.

Does not this strange and apparent inconsistency bespeak a community of cause between the Virginia candidate and the great emperor?—Does it not strike with the quickness of lightning that these purchased renegade editors are so solicitous for the success of Mr. Madison, because they are aware of his devotion to their great patron? That such unprincipled fugitives from British justice as compose the majority of His Honour's editors may be bought cheaper than dirt, is notorious, and there remains no doubt that they have been bought, except their not being worth the purchase.

There are other circumstances naturally connected with my subject, which materially strengthen the opinion I have brought forward, that *His Honour* will adopt the same policy which has been so steadily pursued by His Excellency.

Both these distinguished *patriots* have been complimented with the privileges of citizens of France, and we all know that to become the citizen of a foreign country is to abjure one's own. The law of nations never recognizes a man as the citizen of two States, for this plain reason that while he is receiving protection from one, he may prove a traitor to the other, and plead his duty to his adopted country as an excuse for betraying his native land.

Whether His *Excellency* and His *Honour* in becoming citizens of France, *abjured* their own country, or whether they were exempted by way of courtesy, I do not pretend to decide; at this period it is impossible. This however I may venture to say, that judging from the whole tenor of their conduct, it does really appear that both of them, in becoming citizens of France, have ceased to remember that sacred duty which God and nature ordain that every man owes to the country that gave him being. Even the wretch who has been

provoked by injuries, and forced by persecution to abandon his native soil, is branded, and that justly too, with the epithet of traitor if he plots against its welfare. What then shall we say of such as are bound by every tie of gratitude, and every motive that ought to attach our affections, and yet betray the interests of their country? Let it not be understood that I mean to say these distinguished patriots have betrayed us to France. I am aware that this cannot be proved in a court of justice, unless Duane or some other kindred spirit should be inspired to tell the truth, a circumstance not to be expected since miracles have ceased to be accomplished. It would be a libel therefore to assert such a fact, and notwithstanding the acknowledged clemency of these gentlemen, and their pious veneration for the liberty of the press,\* they might possibly direct me to be tried before his honour, Judge Tallmadge—*Quod avertat Deus!*

This devotion to his adopted country has been manifested, by a long tenor of services, either directly or indirectly rendered by *His Honour*. “If France wants money she must have it,” says the *obedient* secretary, and if it is necessary for the purpose of subjugating the brave Spaniards, to send dispatches to the French minister here, it is done under cover of Mr. Madison’s name!† On every question of national importance *His Honour* is found combating at the side of the brave Vendean hero, General Turreau, for the interests of his great patron Napoleon; and with the same zeal that an Indian offers up incense to the evil spirit, does Mr. Madison manifest his reverence for the upstart Emperor, who in the blasphemous language of General Junot is called “*omnipotent*.”

\* Vide the example of Harry Croswell.

† It was discovered lately by the Spaniards, that the dispatches of the French were forwarded from Spain under cover to Mr. Madison, for their better safety.

But it may perhaps be urged by very candid and prudent men, that the defenceless situation of the country, and the want of spirit in the people, who have been born down and crushed by a habitual acquiescence under every kind of insult, would render ridiculous the hope of preserving our independence without the patronage of some great power; and that like the abject hinds and villains of feudal days, it is absolutely necessary to our safety that we should at least do homage for our possessions to some liege lord. How far these arguments may justify the sneaking policy of the administration, in the eyes of the people I know not. But it may be asked to whom is that defenceless situation of the country owing? We have seen that the two former administrations used every prudent means of placing this country in a state of defence, well knowing that sooner or later they must be necessary, and that when that necessity arrived it was then too late to *begin* to provide against it. *They* did not resort to gun-boats, and torpedoes, and such paltry expedients for defence, but to gallant frigates and gallant men who were proud of their profession, because there was *then* a chance of its leading to honour and renown.

But the noble pair of patriot brothers, His Excellency and His Honour, whom it is difficult to separate, knowing that a people whose spirit was nourished by the consciousness of internal strength would not acquiesce with such graceful docility, in those measures which were intended to subdue our national glory, suffered these bulwarks of strength to moulder away. And this at the very period that the terrible revolutions in the world, and the total disregard paid to the rights of nations, might have convinced every reflecting mind that the time was fast approaching when each one would have to depend on its power, and not the justice of its cause for safety.

But it is not yet too late to retrieve our lost reputation, and to resume our rank again among the *free nations* of the earth. The *great Emperor* being now engaged in an arduous struggle with a brave nation, which has awaked from its long and inglorious sleep to all the vigour of its former heroic character, will have ample occasion for the whole of his mighty resources to crush this general ebullition of patriotism. Notwithstanding the drivelling speculations of His Excellency's oracles, the National Intelligencer and the Aurora, shewing the impossibility of their resistance being successful, and notwithstanding the indecent attempts of Mr. Madison's mouth piece the Monitor to discourage our sympathy towards the brave Spaniards, I do most firmly trust, that fortified by their native mountains, their high spirit, and the justice of their cause, they will yet achieve what they have so nobly undertaken, and so gallantly pursued.

Now therefore is the period for throwing off the galling yoke of *French influence*—now is the time to throw off the yoke of Napoleon and his creatures—of Duane, and the whole yelping brood of *purchased slaves*. For this purpose nothing more is necessary than the exercise of that right which has been secured to the people by the constitution. It is only necessary to elect a President, who is neither the creature of the French or English faction, but an American exclusively. One who will not sacrifice the honour of his country to any traiterous partiality for foreigners: One who has courage to despise the vaporing and strutting gambols of a whiskered ambassador, and the clamours of a deluded faction. One who will not sacrifice the *right arm* of our strength, because it does not happen to be lifted up in his favour, or prostrate the welfare of the union, for the purpose of exalting the *ancient dominion* of Virginia.

A few remarks on the character of Mr. Madison



will I trust demonstrate that he is not the man to redeem us from our lost and abject situation.

Candour and openness are the characteristics of a noble mind, as cunning, evasion and hypocrisy are those of a mean one. He who dares to speak boldly what he thinks, will dare to act boldly ; and there is scarcely an instance in all history of a splendid or noble action performed by a hypocrite. Persons of that class have often indeed ruined a nation, but never saved one—It is necessary that a man to be worthy of becoming the trustee of a nation's welfare, should possess a firmness of mind which will bear him up against the weight of any foreign power, however dangerous it might be to provoke its enmity, and withal a spirit of hardy patriotism that will prompt him to encounter any dangers rather than surrender the honour of his country. But above all, a man who aspires to the confidence of the people should merit it by a contempt of all double dealing or disguise. Let us see how this likeness agrees with that of the honourable Secretary.

The honourable James Madison, the second hope of the dynasty of Virginia, has been the counsellor, companion and friend of His Excellency, in all the *double* fellowship of politics. Nothing but an education in a college of jesuits, could better have qualified a man to practise a system of deception. Unlike the noble Persian who was convinced that he possessed *two* souls, His Excellency and His Honour, it would seem, share but *one* between them. It has been vulgarly supposed that two suns could not shine in one sphere, but the noble pair of Virginian brothers have refuted the error. Equal in talents, in patriotism, in courage—and I might almost say, did it not derogate from the honour of my favourite, His Excellency,—equal in political chicanery. One spirit seems to animate them both ; like Castor and Pollux, as the one

retires to the region of shadows, the other rises to fill his place among the Olympic gods, and if they cannot both be immortal, at least they share the blessing between them. The resemblance between the two deities of the *pagan* and those of the *American mob* is peculiarly striking, and would be more so were it not that *only* one of the former could be in the infernal regions—at the same time. His Excellency and His Honour, having so long indulged in this delightful communion of souls, may now be supposed to understand each other thoroughly; and no doubt when Mr. Jefferson *nominated* his friend as his *successor*, he did it in the full conviction, and probably under a solemn engagement that he should continue the same line of enervating policy which has so much distinguished his predecessor. I say when His Excellency *nominated his successor*, because I consider Congress as the mere organ of his will, and that when they *usurped* their pretended right of gagging the people, by *prescribing* for whom they should give their suffrage, it was merely in pursuance of the sovereign will of His Excellency. This subject will be treated more at large presently, when I think I shall prove that this assumption of the right of *nominating* a President, is not warranted by the spirit of our constitution—that it is a direct infringement of the right of suffrage which resides solely in the people—and that if it becomes a precedent, this country will, at no very distant period, degenerate into a mongrel kind of monarchy, neither elective or hereditary, but the bastard issue of an intrigue between the executive and representative branches of the government.

That the *adopted successor* of Mr. Jefferson possesses all the *openness and candour* of His Excellency, appears from the whole tenor of his political life. Under the administration of General Washington, Mr. Madison and his party, for the purpose

of cheating the people of their confidence, and paving their way to power and authority, uniformly opposed debating with closed doors, even in the most momentous questions. He urged continually “that secresy in a republican government wounded the majesty of the sovereign people”—“that the government was in the hands of the people, who had a right to know all the transactions relative to their own affairs.”\* Such in 1794, and such ever since has been the language of Mr. Madison; but let us see how his actions have corresponded with these truly republican sentiments. Almost every debate in Congress; almost every act of that administration in which His *Honour* bears so conspicuous a rank, has been managed in secret: The people who His Honour asserts have a right to know “all the transactions of the government relative to their own affairs” are following on at the heels of Congress, blindfolded and in darkness—and none but the *backstair* tools of administration are permitted to know the motives of any act. When the members of congress returned to their constituents and it was demanded of them why they voted for the embargo and other measures, with such indecent precipitation, they could not answer, or if they answered at all, were forced to the degrading acknowledgment, that they did not know—They voted for the most important measure ever agitated in this country since the revolution, because they were told by the *backstair* gentry that circumstances rendered it necessary!—Caligula made his horse consul—Charles the 12th of Sweden threatened to send his boot to govern the senate of Stockholm—and Mr. Jefferson directs the Congress of the United States, by the agency of a few beasts of burthen. It is astonishing what a striking similarity there is to be found in the freaks of an an-

\* See Marshal's life of Washington, Volume 5th.

cient and modern tyrant, and the deliberate policy of a republican magistrate of the *new school*.

Of the hardihood of His Honour which is the next quality which claims our attention, I shall not say much. No person that I ever heard has ever had the *hardihood* to assert that he possesses any of that necessary ingredient in the character of a great man, and it is in the recollection of all men, with what prodigious haste he retreated from the seat of government when threatened with a visit from the terrible little, plump, squeaking Marquis Yrujo. It is also whispered that the frown of Mrs. M— is scarcely less alarming to His Honour, than the warlike curls of the valiant Turreau's irresistible whiskers.

Of His Honour's patriotism, I shall treat more at large, for it is under this specious disguise that the present administration has cloaked its encroachments on the rights of the people; and while it pretended a most parental regard for their welfare, cheated them of some of their dearest rights.

By patriotism, I do not mean that assumed character, which to the misfortune of our country has enabled so many *great men* to impose on the people. I do not mean an exclusive regard for one's own party, even though composed of a majority of the community. Neither do I consider the sacrifice of the best interests of the union, to attain a short lived popularity, as a very unequivocal demonstration of love of country.— Neither do I mean *Irish patriotism*, which would sacrifice the country to *France*, for the pious purpose of freeing it from the dominion of the laws. By true old-fashioned Roman patriotism, I mean that high quality which prompts a man to pursue exclusively the good of his country, in the very teeth of danger, and at the expense of property, life, liberty, and even reputation. Such was the patriotism of Washington, who persisted in those

defensive plans which he knew would save his country, though assailed on all sides by ridicule and abuse. In a word by true patriotism, I mean that which is manifested by actions as well as words. The hypocrite will cant about his religion when in the very act of transgressing the whole decalogue; and boast of his love of country at the very moment he is sacrificing it to his own interest or ambition.

That Mr. Madison is one of the true modern patriotic devotees at the altar of self interest, will appear from an examination of the steps he has taken to secure his nomination to the presidency. The detail which follows is taken from actual observation, and the reader may venture to give me ample credit when I assure him, that I often observed with the most contemptuous admiration, the skill with which the Secretary played his part, and tickled the backwoodsmen of Congress into his measures.

Early in the last session of Congress he was observed to pay the most particular attention to the members of both Houses. He invited them often to his table, and his Lady invited them to her evening parties, where they were surfeited with good eating and attentions. It is shrewdly suspected the great mortality which raged among that valuable body last winter, was principally owing to their being in the habit of overeating themselves at these civic feasts. It was truly a sight highly ludicrous, to see the honest clodhopping members, fresh from their native wilds, figuring away at Mrs. M——'s balls, and rousing the genius of laughter by antics that would have done considerable credit to a mountebank's bear.

If the Secretary met one of these unregenerated Orson's, of a morning, so far was he from being alarmed at his ogre-like appearance that he approached with all the "undissembled homage"

of an Egyptian, offering incense to the beatified bull—inquiring with the kindest solicitude about the family of bruin, and the welfare of his young cubs at home, and even condescending to interest himself in the prosperity of his pigs and turkeys. In short, all men who had before observed the cold, distant, and aristocratic carriage of this distinguished Republican, prognosticated that these “springes” were not set to catch the “*Woodcocks*” for nothing.

My readers perhaps, deluded by the high sounding name of *The Congress of the United States of America*, may possibly mistake them for an assembly of sages, elevated far above the influence of such paltry attentions, and too wise to be caught by such chaff: They have been accustomed to look up to the *two Houses*, as composed of the talent of the country—of men of honour and education—too conversant in the arts of designing men, to become their dupes, and too much in the habits of Society, to be influenced by a false shallow politeness.—Alas! such once was the character of that august assembly!—In the days of our glory it was composed of orators, patriots, and statesmen, who were born to be the saviours of their country, and who might challenge a comparison with any legislators of modern times.—But *O ! miseras hominum mentes—Oh ! pectora caeca !*—The people led astray by designing and interested demagogues withhold their confidence from these men, and bestow it on others, who are neither orators, or statesmen, or I fear even patriots; although patriotism in this patriotic age and country, is a commodity so common that almost every man his more than he can cleverly manage, and an Irish scavenger can afford to sell as much for a glass of whiskey, as would have immortalized a citizen of ancient Rome. Of the talent for legislating possessed by our present Congress,

we have some precious specimens, of which I would speak with all that indignation they are calculated to excite in the breasts of men anxious for the honour of their country, did I not make every allowance for *their having been passed in the dark*. As however all things are great by comparison, and as I wish to show every disposition to be impartial, I am willing to allow that contrasted with the majority of our representatives, even Mr. Randolph may be a statesman, and Mr. Gardenier an *orator* of the first pretensions. Nay Mr. Sloan, whose speeches seem to be delivered *invita Minerva*, may, for aught I know, turn out a Cicero, or a Curran, when placed in opposition to some of the back-woodsmen, who sometimes really *look* as if they understood a debate, and venture to say "aye" or "no" on a division. These men legislate *ut apes geometriam*—by instinct, which is best cultivated in the woods.

The least experience in life will show us with what facility the vulgar may be gained by attentions from the great. A dinner, or even a bow, from Mr. Madison, was sufficient to secure the good will of the vulgar majority of Congress, and the consequence of this feasting and bowing was a nomination to the first magistracy.

This nomination which is attempted to be imposed on the people, as an *obligation* to support Mr. Madison, is as I have before asserted, contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and a covert attempt to bubble the people out of their right of suffrage.

I say it is contrary to the spirit of the constitution because it enables the *President* absolutely to appoint his successor by intriguing with the two Houses of Congress to *nominate* the candidate he pleases. This nomination is held in such profound veneration by Mr. Madison and his advocates, that we might be tempted to suppose it is

little less than rebellion against the real constituted authorities of the country, to oppose the will of a caucus of Congress, who have no authority whatever to interfere thus with the expression of the public will. If the people are *obliged*, as the Madisonian minions assert, to support the nomination of the *majority* of the two Houses of Congress, what becomes of their right of suffrage?—or of what value is the worthless privilege of merely voting for a President, without the liberty of choice? This was exactly the way the mild Republican Emperor\* of France got astride the necks of the French people, who were obliged to elect him their master, because he would suffer no other candidate to oppose him! This is one among the many precious lessons borrowed by Mr. Madison, from his *adopted country*. I do not hesitate to say, that if this *right* of nomination, which peculiarly belongs to the people, is surrendered to Congress, the office of President will no longer be elective, except in name: It will be a virtual abandonment of the right of choice, without which, the right of suffrage is a mere shadow: because in a little time, such is the ever-toiling industry of innovation, this right of nomination will be held so sacred that it will be considered highly offensive in the people to oppose the candidate so nominated, even though he were as unworthy their confidence, as a catchpole General, or an adopted citizen of France, or even an Irish renegade.

So fearful were the inspired framers of our Constitution, that Congress might interfere in the election of a President, that they expressly provided, that “no Senator or Representative in

\* The new French coins bear on one side the Legend of “Napoleon, Emperor of the French;” and on the reverse, “The French Republic.” This is the true *double-faced* French policy attempted to be introduced in America.



Congress shall be appointed an Elector." Being thus restricted from any direct agency, they have attempted to make themselves amends by *usurping* the power of *nomination*; which as it is now attempted to be exercised, supersedes the necessity of their interfering in any subsequent stage of the business.

The prudence of this wise caution in the framers of the Constitution, and the danger of this encroachment on the privileges of the people, will appear in the most striking light, when we consider the situation of the Representatives, and the too great influence the Executive will always retain over that body. His power of appointing all officers under the general government, and his extensive patronage will always secure a majority in Congress, by promises of reward, or threats of punishment by a dismissal from office. This power will for ever purchase the services of a herd of interested tools, to fetch and carry for him, to do his *backstair* business, and to *nominate* his successor.

By this incestuous intrigue between the Executive and Representative branches of government, the people are in imminent danger of being subjected to the dominion of an hereditary Presidency, not descending indeed from father to son, in the usual way, but from a benefactor to his adopted heir. It is not in the wild and visionary spirit of party, or in idle apprehension of ideal danger that I warn my countrymen against this conspiracy against their common right. Every man of experience, or reading, or reflection, must perceive the truth of what I have advanced.

In no period of English history are to be seen such instances of systematic oppression and tyranny, as in that disastrous one, in which the parliament condescended to become the tool of the King, and to surrender the rights of its constitu-

ents. The people are never in such danger, as when placing a blind confidence in their Representatives ; who acting in a body, divide the sense of shame or disgrace among each other, and do things from which a single individual, however dissolute, would shrink with disgust.

The foregoing considerations will I think make it appear plain to every judicious man, that Mr. Madison's pretensions to the presidency ought not to be sanctioned by the people. His usurped nomination ought to be an insuperable objection. His want of firmness to resist the impositions that we are daily submitting to : his being a disciple of the Virginia School : his devotion to France : his hypocritical pretensions to a superior regard for the rights of the people, a regard displayed by open violation : and finally, his being the friend, protégé, and counsellor of Mr. Jefferson, render him of all men the most improper to be intrusted at this dangerous crisis, with the safety of our country.

It now remains that I say a few words on the subject of Mr. Clinton's pretensions, which I shall treat with a respect that perhaps their importance does not deserve. I have a Spartan's reverence for age, and I trust it will never be said that I treated the imbecility of second childhood with insolence or contempt. This renovated sage, by the operation of Medea's kettle, or the magic draught of St. Leon, has, after having some years ago retired from public life, under the pressure of years, again revived to all the vigour of youth, and burst upon us in all the fullness of new born faculties. The limbs that a few years since required rest, and the mind that was tottering on the last verge of sanity, have at one elastic bound resumed even more than their former strength and brightness. The *late*, truly venerable Clinton, has become a candidate for new honours, and by

so doing, has given to the world a memorable example of ambition that survived every other faculty of the mind; even the power of enjoying its success.

Of his talents, whatever they might once have been, I appeal to his friends, few vestiges remain. At eighty years of age the mind has generally lost its strength, and leans as in second childhood, on the supporting vigour of some youthful associate. Querulous, weak, and indecisive, its faculties for the most part subside into a kind of instinctive caution, which, however it may be necessary for the defence of weakness, hardly qualifies a man to direct a nation in a storm. Caution is a good pilot, but when incorporated with the conscious weakness of age, it is too apt to degenerate into a sickly apprehension of ideal dangers. Mr. Clinton was indeed *once* a brave and gallant soldier; and had he not undid in his civil capacity all the good he ever performed in his military one, he might have been entitled to the gratitude of his country : *But his age of chivalry is past,* and has been succeeded by Shakspeare's *seventh age*.

I know not who it is, that has thus pushed this aged barque again out into the stormy sea of politics, at a period which requires the vigour of youth and the experience of age to direct her in safety to her destined port. Whoever has exerted this pernicious influence ought to be ashamed of thus taking advantage of the weakness of age. I can attribute it to no other motive, than the expectation of being able to govern the "*venerable sage*," and thus under the name of a mere pageant, to exercise a power which the adviser could not by his own merits obtain. Of all the various kinds of ambition that of governing a state-puppet, is the least characteristic of a noble mind. There is something grand in the idea of controlling the destinies of millions,

and sharing their censures and applause. But to govern without the honour of governing, and to make some poor victim, a packhorse to bear the responsibility of measures which are directed by ourselves, is a situation which a high spirit would never stoop to attain.

The “venerable sage,” as he is *humorously* styled by Mr. Cheetham, is directed it seems to play a most curious and difficult game, infinitely too nice for his dim and blunted perceptions. He is to approve of Mr. Jefferson’s administration, and to disapprove of the embargo,—he is to remain firm to his democratic principles, and yet is directed to divide the democratic party by opposing Mr. Madison who is the candidate of democracy. In short, he is directed to twist, and turn with all the dexterity of a posture-master, and to change his hues with the facility of a camelion. Shame on the ambitious parasites who have thus roused the doating ambition of this “reverend youth,” and spirited him to the performance of such egregious gambols!

Whether Mr. Clinton and his supporters do really approve of the embargo, it is difficult to decide. In the remote region where I am now writing; where wild beasts divide the empire of the earth with man, and where instead of populous cities vocal with the “busy hum of men,” are seen interminable forests, resounding with the long howl of beasts of prey—in this sequestered region I have no means of deciding the question from my own observation. But I am told, that until the nomination of Mr. Madison, they breathed no whisper against the embargo, but supported it with “tongue and pen;” and that with the exception of the editor of the American Citizen in New-York, not one of them ever expressed a doubt of its infallibility. I am told also, that this *gentleman* was directed by his *master* to disavow and retract every word he had published against Mr. Jefferson’s celebrated

“strong measure,” and that like an obedient servant he obeyed the orders with infinite grace, and swallowed his paragraphs with as much ease and philosophy, as the divine Socrates swallowed his hemlock.

No sooner however was Mr. Madison nominated to the *succession*, than the adherents of Mr. Clinton began to rail against the embargo, with all the virulence of disappointed ambition. That venerable sage, had been it seems looking up to the President's chair with all the impatient longing of an infant, caught by the glitter of some new bauble. He had been probably cajoled by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison with promises of their supporting his pretensions; and it was not until the nomination of the latter, that he discovered himself to have been duped.

Disappointed in his expectations of support from that quarter, it became necessary to tickle the federalists a little, in order if possible to gain their suffrages as a counterpoise to the weight of his rivals interest. There appeared no more certain way of doing this, than by pretending a most cordial affection for the commercial interest of the nation, and a most brotherly sympathy for the distresses of the merchants. Accordingly, all at once the Clintonian faction opened a hue and cry against that very embargo, which till then they had honoured, at least, with their *pretended* approbation.

Many worthy men, unacquainted with the selfish ambition which actuates *every* leader of a party, were astonished at this marvellous tergiversation, and wondered with open mouth, at a change so sudden and so mysterious. Honest souls!—they little know the twistings and turnings of a true politician, and with what facility he will change, as interest, or ambition may direct him. Little do they suspect that all this pretend-

ed patriotism, all this solicitude for the liberties of the people, all this paternal regard for their interest and happiness, is for the most part nothing but the many coloured cloak of policy, which changes its hues, as the beams of a rising or setting sun fall on it, and which, if thrown aside, would discover the grim skeleton of gnawing interested ambition.

But in wooing the stately *federal* dame, the *venerable sage* was obliged to be exceedingly circum-spect, for fear of exciting the jealousy of mother democracy, who is a most outrageous lady, when forsaken by a favourite swain; and on this trying occasion, he discovered all the refined art of a reverend and practised seducer. No well experienced rake, no habitual voluptuary, could have proceeded with more consummate skill. With the federalists he execrated the embargo as a measure calculated to insure the ruin of the country; and with the democrats he abused the federalists, and approved of Mr. Jefferson's administration, as founded on the true principles of republicanism. The American Citizen, while dealing out *federalism* with all his might, at the same time disclaimed all idea of an union with the *federalists*; and in one and the same breath, asserted the *infallibility* of his Excellency the President, and the *impolicy* of his measures!—Such a jumble of paradoxes, such a tissue of inconsistencies, and such a melancholy string of contradictions, as that able Editor has of late attempted to palm upon the world, I have never seen before. In the publication of blunt butt-end calumnies, he is very respectable, I am willing to allow; but to gloss over a paradox, or varnish an inconsistency, is a business too delicate for his clumsy intellect, and ought to be intrusted to some person of real ability; a scholar and a gentleman, if it were possible that such a man could be brought to descend so low; or that

among all the partizans of Mr. Clinton, such a *rara avis* could be found.

But the federalists, are not back-woodsmen ; to be cajoled by such bungling artists. They are, I trust, too steady in their principles, to support a man who courts their affections by attempting to deceive them into the belief of his anxiety for their peculiar interest ; and at the same time, with true double faced Jeffersonianism, pretends to revere the very man who is the greatest opposer of that very interest.

There is no doubt in my mind, that if by the support of the federalists Mr. Clinton should gain the situation to which he aspires, their interests will be the first that are sacrificed. For a little while perhaps, he may condescend to acknowledge his obligations ; but democracy has always been his religion, and he would return, at the moment he could do it with safety, into the bosom of his *mother church*. How poor, how contemptible, will then appear that party which has hitherto stood by itself, alone and respectable ! They will not have even the consolation of successful meanness ; but will be constrained to sit down with the consoling reflection, of having sacrificed their principles without gaining any other reward, than that of being despised and laughed at, by those very persons to whom they have condescended to become instruments.

That this would be the case is verified by a recent example. We all remember the famous supper at Dyde's, where the adherents of Col. Burr, and those of Mr. Clinton, met in order to celebrate a reconciliation, and smoke the pipe of peace : How they toasted Col. Burr, with three cheers ; and how the next day they denied the whole transaction, with a hardy falsehood, that disdained to shrink from the assertion of any thing necessary to the success of their paltry pretensions.

Just so would this unprincipled faction treat any other ally, if it became necessary to their interest or ambition.

I have dwelt so long on this subject, not because I suspected the federal party of so much weakness as to contemplate any kind of fellowship with the "venerable sage" and his hungry band; but because I thought it possible, that some honest individuals might be taken in by their hypocritical cant. The federal party I trust will never descend to become the ladder for Mr Clinton to mount aloft: They will not be so weak as to be deluded by his clumsy attempts at deception. They will not desert the standard of Washington for that of even the "*venerable sage*:" neither will they assist in the elevation of a family always more remarkable for its ambition than its talents, and whose *boasted* services, would have been sufficiently rewarded by a few *parish offices*.

I have now finished all that I intended to say on a most important subject. Remote as I am from the theatre of political rewards and punishments, obscure and undistinguished—I could have no other motive for undertaking this task than the wish of serving my country. I am not one of those, whose virulence is excited by having been removed from office, or whose exertions are put forth in the hope of obtaining one. We all know the secret road to honours and rewards is to obtain an interest with the people, to influence their votes, and to guide their opinions. A man who is backed by a *district*, carries a recommendation which insures his success; and though possessed of no more real talent than the Secretary of the Navy, or him of the War Department, may safely aspire to almost any office in the gift of the Executive. Not such a tool am I, thank Heaven! for of every species of ambition, that of leading a mob by the nose, is most the object of my con-



tempt—Make me, ye gods!—a leader of bears, or banditti; but never may I be invested with the honourable office of guarding ignorance and folly, from any dangerous disposition to emerge from that darkness, which seems to have been intended by providence as the proper medium of their action.

I freely own that I do not expect any wonderful effects from this *disinterested* attempt to open the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, and the hearts of those who have been led astray. The monster democracy is now so conscious of his strength, and so secure in his assumed habit of angelic beauty, that not even the touch of Ithuriel's spear is able to render visible the deformity of the fiend.

One consolation however will still be mine, even in the midst of disappointment. His Excellency Mr. Jefferson, as a philosopher, cannot fail of being grateful for my analysis of his character.\*—Mr. Madison, if he has a spark of gratitude in his bosom must thank me for my strictures on the pretensions of his rival Mr. Clinton—and the “venerable sage,” as he is *humorously* styled by the Citizen, I think cannot well refrain from testifying his approbation of the great pains I have taken to prove him *the least of two evils*. My bosom warms with the idea of monopolizing the applauses of three such distinguished patriots. To be praised by those who are themselves worthy of praise, was the wish of a wise ancient, and though not possessed of more wisdom than I find absolutely necessary, I candidly acknowledge that I am as fond of this kind of praise as any wise man of the *East*, or any other of the *cardinal points*.

To conclude, and to strengthen my claim on

\* *Nosce teipsum*—is one of the most important branches of knowledge; to make a man acquainted therefore with *himself*, is a claim upon his friendship difficult to resist.

the gratitude of Mr. Clinton, who since he has *grown young*, has become an object of peculiar solicitude to me—I will merely observe, that if it should become necessary for our sins, that instead of plague, pestilence and famine, the usual instrument of national punishment, we are to be afflicted with another democratic President, I do sincerely recommend it to the federalists to support the *youthful sage*, for this reason that people “*so wise so young they say do not live long.*”



At the moment I had brought my proposed plan to a conclusion, I received information that Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, had been nominated as a candidate for the office of first magistrate of the United States. It has therefore become necessary for me to say a few words on the subject of that gentleman's claims to public confidence.

As the traveller who has journeyed a weary way over barren plains, destitute of every object dear to the eye or the heart—or over mountains teeming with stunted vegetation, and covert danger, rejoices when he beholds at a distance a fair landscape rich in all the charms of cultivated nature.—So with honest pleasure do I rejoice, when recalling my attention from men over whose weakness, vices and ambition, posterity will hover with sorrow and shame, I fix it on a man, against whom even the malignant spirit of party rage, has never dared to whisper a scandal. To censure vice is a duty, but to praise virtue a pleasure.

Since his return from the embassy to France Mr. Pinckney has for the most part lived in retirement without taking any active part in politics, or courting popularity by deceiving the people; or seeking for honours at the expense of his personal dignity.

I know, and I have often regretted the folly of mankind, that this is not the method adapted to secure the affections of the populace, who are for ever mistaking a dignified conduct, for pride, and who call that *humility*, which is nothing but the most insatiable ambition. To court their suffrages by the most abject servility, to pamper them with gross and hollow flattery, to worship them with our tongues, and to despise them in our hearts is the true way to attain popularity and become a tyrant.

But this is not the line of conduct pursued by Mr. Pinckney. A soldier and a statesman, the friend of Washington and of his country; he is content to wait until the voice of the people calls him to save that country, and chase from the helm of state, those ignorant or traitorous spirits who are steering us straight forward into the *enemy's port*.

He is not the *puppet candidate* of a caucus of *backstair* members of congress, or of an *ambitious relative*, who not having worth or talents sufficient to become himself first magistrate, has imposed on the imbecility of a "*venerable sage*" that he might make him the state coachman, who indeed sits on the box and holds the reins, but is directed by him who rides in the carriage unseen.

He is not a citizen of two countries vacillating between the duty which he owes to the parent that gave him life, and the one by whom he is adopted—or like Mr. Madison, and the lamb that was suckled by a goat, exclusively devoted to his foster mother. He did not say like that *very obliging* and *obedient* gentleman "if France wants money she must have it;" but when France *did* make a demand of money from this country, resisted it with a spirit and dignity, of which I am sorry to say, there have since been very few instances among the chosen instruments of our present glorious administration.

Though deserving to be known and revered by every man in the country, his name has not been made cheap by too frequent repetition, or soiled by being for ever thrown as a football for the mob to buffet. It is a name hitherto unsullied in the eyes of man, and which even in the mad contests of party rage, when every barrier of decency is thrown down, and all regard for truth forgotten, has kept its station above us, like a bright star placed beyond the reach of earthly influence.

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, is now in the sixtieth year of his age, his body unbroken, and his mind possessed of all its faculties; joining the vigour, force and vivacity of youth, with the experience, the steadiness and the prudence of age. As one of our earliest patriots, he distinguished himself, by a manly and spirited assertion of the rights of his country, and with a vigour that never tired, and a fortitude that never shrunk from the keenest encounter, continued on to the end of the struggle, without for a moment remitting his exertions.

Having aided in the establishment of our independence, he was appointed one of the convention for forming a constitution for the government of the union, and there distinguished himself by a strenuous support of that constitution, which until its late shameful violations, was the bulwark of our liberty, prosperity and happiness.

When Washington, after resigning the presidency, with a patriotic humility worthy of Aristides, (the most perfect model of a republican chief) accepted the command of the army of the United States at a period of danger and alarm, he was complimented with the privilege of choosing his own officers. That distinguished chief, who is allowed by all his cotemporaries to have been a most perfect judge of men, chose Mr. Pinckney as his second major General; a proof of merit, which outweighs all the venal praises of a thousand hire-

ling editors, or the bawling approbation of a thousand blind multitudes, goaded on by interested demagogues.

When acting as an ambassador in France, Mr. Pinckney distinguished himself by resisting all the demands of that rapacious nation for money. He disdained to *purchase* a treaty, or to subject his country to an ignominious tribute. He did not think with Mr. Madison, that when France wanted money she ought to have it, but in conjunction with Mr. Marshall, resisted all the intrigues and bullyings of the wily Talleyrand. The names of these firm and patriotic ambassadors ought ever to be held dear in this country. OLIVER ELSWORTH is now in his grave; but I trust the memory of his virtues and talents, will remain, while the people of New England have hearts to estimate true worth and honour. His was one of those profound understandings that penetrated into all the recesses of crooked politics, and saw with the eye of an eagle where truth was hidden. I remember him a senator; and his deep and energetic eloquence made an impression on me, which will never wear away. I remember him a judge, and his venerable simplicity, his clear and admirable decisions—his deep and learned insight into the theory and practice of the laws, all contributed to the formation of one of the most perfect judges that ever sat on the bench of the United States. Honour be with him in the grave!—For he was one of the many great and good men, whose loss this country has had to lament within a few years; and who like falling leaves, seemed to predict the dark and wintry season that was about to wither the budding honours of their native land.

This man was worthy to be honoured with the same trust as Mr. Pinckney, who possesses, a kindred mind; and who joins to the talents of an Elsworth, those of a gallant soldier. To a courage

which has been tried in the face of death, he unites a prudence that withholds him from rashly courting unnecessary dangers. He is a true republican—not of the bastard brood of open mouthed pretenders, that has lately risen up with an exclusive patent for patriotism; but such a republican as Washington—mild, brave, firm, and disinterested—scorning to win a short lived popularity, at the expense of his immortal glory, and too virtuous to sacrifice the interests of his country, to gain the fulsome and worthless panegyrics of mobs, and mob directing newspapers.

“Even such a man” is necessary to save this country from the lowest pit of contempt and weakness—to emancipate us from the tyranny of France, of intrigue, of falsehood, cowardice and hypocrisy. We have had enough of the supple willow, that kisses the dust with lowly reverence, at the wooing of every breeze, let us now take shelter under the broad arms of the strong oak, which, firmly rooted in its native earth, braves all the terrors of the storm, and stands erect, despising the wrath of the elements.

To the people I address these reflections. I do not appeal to their *good sense*, because I am not in the habit of placing much reliance on that—more especially since the result of the Pennsylvania election. Neither do I appeal to their *experience*, my own experience having convinced me, that they will sooner believe their *ears* than their eyes; and that were I to place before their vision all the formidable array of evils that are gathering around them, one cabalistical word from their oracular newspaper would convince them, that what they saw with their own eyes, was nothing but the mere conjuration of a wicked federal or *tory* enchanter.

There is magic in this terrible word *tory*. Like the cry of *mad dog*, it always raises a mob against

it, and such is its wonderful potency, that it often changes a patriot who stemmed the tide of British influence during the whole period of the revolution, into an enemy of his country, and a partisan of Great Britain. Only let Col. Duane, or any other slave of French policy, point at a man, and cry *tory*—that terrible lion—(or, rather, ass in lion's skin) the *mob*—will believe it, and roar at him like a town bull, although he should prove to them that he had shed his blood in the ranks against England.

Such is the way in which people are deceived. One would suppose that the nose was intended for a handle, by which mankind are to be led, rather than an organ of sense; and if so, nobody can deny that it fulfils its destination most admirably, for there are few people who have not, at one time of their life, been led by the nose.

It is therefore no great matter of wonder that the people of the United States are so prompt to be deceived. It is no matter of surprise to me, that they believe Mr. Jefferson a republican and a patriot—for he himself has told them so a thousand times, and they would be most unreasonably sceptic to doubt the word of a gentleman who kept it so faithfully with Doct. Bollman. In short I am not at all astonished that they consider this country in a state of most unparralleled prosperity; because experience has proved that nothing is more easy than to demonstrate to them, *that national degradation is a proof of national glory, and that the people of the United States, like saffron, flourish the more they are trod upon.*



The following note was, through mistake, omitted in its proper place, see page 13.

*Note.*—Let the reader peruse, with attention, the following *infamous* paragraph, extracted from the Aurora, one of the newspapers most devoted to the present administration.

"The recent conduct of the Judiciary at Charleston, is only an additional proof of the MONSTROUS ABSURDITY of what is called the INDEPENDENCE OF JUDGES—they are in fact so independent of control, and of every other tie but that of their own perverse and adverse will, against the very principles of the government, that unless their TENURE OF OFFICE is altered, and that corps brought to some sort of responsibility, they must in the end destroy the government.

"If the laws and policy of the nation are to be set aside by a quibble—if the very principles of peace and war are to be involved in the wretched subtrefuges and equivocations of this subtle class of men, what avails all the superiority of a representative government, which cannot check the crimes of such a class?"—*Aurora*.

Reader! I ask you, if you have ever encountered such an enormous example of insolent and presumptuous blasphemy. That a wretch whom infamy herself would blush to acknowledge as her offspring—a renegado caitiff—a vile *alias* fugitive from public justice—whose *real* name, if whispered in our unpolluted groves, would wither their foliage—should thus dare to lift his voice against the most respectable and venerable branch of our government—is a phenomenon, only to be paralleled by the unheard of infamy of rewarding such a wretched low-born vagabond, by placing him in the rank of a *gentleman*! Col. Duane—*alias* Dunn—*alias*, Col. any thing else!—does not every officer, who hears such a title coupled with such a name, blush for his profession? Does he not feel that *now* his epaulettes are the badges of shame, instead of honour, and that it were better for him to pace the streets, or drive a scavenger's cart, than belong to our army, commanded by a *Catchpole General*, assisted by a Colonel, who so disgraced his father's name, that he was obliged to change it in order to appear new burnished in the eyes of his adopted country?

It is one of the tasks which I hope yet to live long enough to perform—to lash this *imported bloodhound*, until even *his* back, though from long habit almost proof against a cat-o-nine tails, shall wince under the operation. I will so *knout* him, that even he himself shall acknowledge, in his moments of tribulation, that though a *nolle prosequi* may screen a wretch from the behests of law, the strong arm of an *unknown* minister of justice may reach him even behind the seven-fold shield of Executive patronage.

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